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The PRESIDENT AND TOM COLLINS

BY RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL

With *PICTURES* by F. R. GRUGER

THE morning had broken bright and sunny when Tom Collins awoke from his unrefreshing sleep on the iron bench in the little Washington park, and, stretching his arms above his head, looked despondently about. His joints were stiff and pained him, and his clothes clung to him in limp, uncomfortable folds. Although the sun had scarce left the horizon, the birds in the branches overhead were already discussing plans for the new day, and Tom, leaning his elbows on his knees, fell to wondering what it held for him.

His musings were disturbed by the sound of some one coming along the gravel walk that stretched away on either side. A man plainly dressed in a gray suit and a black felt hat was swinging briskly along the path. He was so far away that it was impossible to distinguish his features, but his broad, firmly set shoulders and erect carriage struck Tom as being strangely familiar.

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The newcomer had gained the end of the path, had crossed the park, and was now strolling briskly in the direction of the bench. Down went Tom's head between his shoulders, and with a repelling frown he waited for the man to pass. But when he was abreast of the bench he shot a quick glance at its solitary occupant, and, to Tom's dismay, seated himself at the other end. Scarcely daring to lift his head lest his unwelcome neighbor should prove to be an acquaintance, Tom stole a hurried look at him. His fears vanished in a flash of recognition, and he heaved a sigh of relief. He had nothing to fear. It was only the President of the United States.

Looking across more boldly now, Tom saw him draw out a case, select a cigar, and, placing it between his teeth, begin a search for matches. Into one pocket after another dipped the President's long, lean fingers. Evidently his match-safe had been left at home. Suddenly he glanced up and caught Tom's eye fixed on him.

"Can you let me have a match?" he asked.

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Tom searched in turn, and at length brought to light the grimy half of a match, but luckily the half that counts for most. The President accepted it with a smile and a word of thanks, and lighted his cigar. Then he offered his case to Tom.

"A fair exchange," he said pleasantly. Tom shook his head.

"You don't smoke? Well, I daresay you're better off; still——"

The President blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and the rest of the sentence was lost in a sigh of enjoyment. Then he turned and looked at Tom with kindly interest.

He saw a youth of about twenty, slim, tall, and with a frank, clean-cut face that inspired liking. At present the face was rather pale and thin, and dark circles under the blue eyes told of hunger and weariness. His clothes were shabby enough, but unsoiled, and hinted loudly of better days.

As he looked the President's eyes grew more kindly, and his mouth, too large for symmetry, grew kindly, too; in each corner of it lurked a little smile ready to overspread his fine, homely face.

The President was still a young man,—too young, many had said, to be Chief Executive of the United States. But the developments of last month had served to more than vindicate the judgment of the great majority that had elected him; and the country, disturbed as it was by the possibility,—nay, rather, the probability,—of a terrible war, felt an almost unreasoning confidence in his calm strength and rare ability. Presently he spoke, and with a little jump Tom Collins came back from his dreaming.

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"Now, suppose you were a rather busy man who, in order to escape,—well, observation,—had gone out before breakfast for a little fresh air and a cigar. And suppose you had come across a fellow who was evidently in some sort of trouble,—a youth of twenty or so, who looked as if he had slept on a bench and was hungry. Would you mind your own business, like the chap in the Bible who passed by on the other side, or would you try to find what the trouble was and to remedy it if you could?"

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At first Tom had half resented the other's presence, his prosperous, well-clothed appearance, his clean-shaven face, even his offer of a cigar, but now he had a lump in his throat, and he kept his eyes away as he answered:

"That would depend, sir. Perhaps, if the fellow was in trouble, it was his own fault. Perhaps he wasn't in any danger of starving, just,"—his voice faltered despite him,—"a bit hungry."

"True; but then we must find a reason for his hunger, for folks don't go hungry from choice. It would seem that he must be out of money. In that case, wouldn't it suggest itself to you to offer him a loan,—say enough for a breakfast, a dinner and a lodging?"

"Yes; but, then, he might know that he couldn't repay the loan and so refuse it."

The President nodded.

"Yes, he might. Though there would probably be no time limit on the loan."

Tom shook his head. "I believe he'd be more grateful than he could tell you—me, but I'm certain he wouldn't accept."

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The President looked in silence at his cigar, turning it between his fingers. Then:

"You know who I am, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; you're the President."

"Suppose now," continued the President, after a moment's silence, "suppose you tell me something about yourself."

Tom hesitated for a moment only, for a glance at the kind face somehow unloosed his tongue, and there on the little bench, to an audience composed of the flitting, chirping sparrows and the President of the United States of America, Tom told his story.

It wasn't much of a story, all in all. It lacked dramatic interest, and it seemed to the youth, as he told it, rather vulgar and ordinary. A month before a week of bad luck had ended for him—his week of trial on the staff of the Washington Despatch. Somehow, though he was an exceptionally good reporter, everything had gone against him that week. The men whom he had been assigned to interview had refused to talk, his murders had been tame, his suicides commonplace, and an elopement which he had written up for a sensational column had brought down on him the wrath of the business manager, for the girl had proved to be the daughter of a heavy advertiser.

And so, with a week's salary in his pocket, he had gone out of the city editor's room and started anew the search for work in a city overcrowded with older and more experienced newspaper men. Economy had not recommended itself to him until his assets had dwindled to a two-dollar bill. On that he had managed to live until the previous day. This morning his pockets were quite empty.

The President heard his tale in silence, and when he had finished looked him over keenly but not unkindly.

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"I daresay you had the name of being a smart reporter, didn't you?"

Tom colored as he answered: "I was only a new man, sir."

"Ever meet Senator Sanderson, of Virginia? But there, this is no time for stories. Look here,—by the way, what's your name?"

"Collins,—Thomas J."

"Where do your folks live, Mr. Collins?"

"Maine, sir. I've only a sister left. I've thought of tramping back, but it's a long way——"

"And a hard trip. Well, now, to come to business, Collins,—will you accept a loan from me?"

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Tom shook his head. "I'd much rather not, sir. It may seem foolish, but——"

"That's all right, lad. We'll call that settled. Now, will you drive home with me and let me find you some breakfast?"

This time Tom hesitated. He looked down at his wrinkled trousers and

"HEREAFTER THIS DESK BELONGS TO MR. COLLINS!"

thought of the rusty, dilapidated derby on his head, the soiled collar and cuffs. The President read his thoughts.

"Nonsense! Who cares about your clothes?" Then he uttered a startled exclamation as he looked at his watch. "Quarter to seven. I'd no idea it was so late. Gordon must be tired to death; but he's probably asleep; he generally is; that's one of the reasons I envy Gordon his lot. Now, Collins, let's go to breakfast."

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Gordon straightened up from his doze as they approached, but betrayed no surprise as he slammed the door behind them and climbed again to the box. Tom sank wearily against the soft cushions. The President's cigar had gone out, and as the carriage rumbled off he drew a little silver matchcase from his vest pocket and relighted it. As he did so he caught Tom's smile. He slid the case back hastily, and laughed.

"I guess you saw it?"

Tom nodded.

"That's been my luck all through life," the President continued; "I never could successfully indulge myself in even the smallest bit of deception. My own stupidity's to blame, I suppose. I daresay that some day even the story of my morning walks will be told in the papers and another pet deception revealed."

"I hope you don't think——" began Tom.

"Eh? Nonsense, Collins; I didn't mean you, though you're quite welcome to tell it if you wish. Besides, I can do without my morning trips after to-day. The Cabinet meets at ten, and by noon this German question will be finally decided, one way or another. That will be a load off our minds,—no matter what follows."

"The meeting will decide for war or against it, will it not, sir?"

"Practically, yes. It will decide for or against a continuance of diplomatic relations with Germany, and a discontinuance is usually tantamount to a declaration of hostilities."

The brougham rumbled down the long avenue. Presently the President spoke again.

"Suppose,"—he hesitated as though choosing his words carefully,—"suppose that you knew at this moment the result of the Cabinet meeting. What would it mean to you?"

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Tom's eyes dilated and his fists clenched spasmodically; his heart seemed to be trying to escape through his mouth. He felt faint, and his voice trembled as he answered:

"It would mean a fortune, sir. It would mean a position on any paper in Washington."

The President nodded.

"You would telegraph to one of those big, troublesome New York papers: 'I know the result of to-day's Cabinet meeting. What will you pay?' And it would answer, 'So many thousand dollars.' Then you would write out a message of a few dozen words and send it. Marvelous!" The President's voice dropped. "Yes, that is what would happen, isn't it?"

Tom was staring dejectedly out of the window.

"Yes, sir; that's what would happen."

A longer silence followed. The President leaned back with closed eyes and puffed slowly at his cigar. Tom Collins turned his head and watched him. If only the power were his to read that mind! If he could see inside that brain now, just for one short moment! He clenched his hands again and turned away.

"Most reprehensible!"

Tom looked round just as the President opened his eyes and sat suddenly upright.

"Eh? Did I speak? What did I say?"

Tom repeated the words.

"'Most reprehensible'? Yes, that's just what it would be. If the President divulged secrets of State what could be expected of his subordinates? What would become of us, Collins, eh?"

"That's a poser, sir. I think, though, that you'd soon be breakfasting with me, instead of me with you."

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The President laughed. "Well, I'll do it sometime if you'll ask me. But, now, supposing that presently, after we've breakfasted and smoked a short cigar, supposing that I were to simply say, 'Yes,' or 'No'; what would be the result?"

"The result, sir, would be that in an hour every city in this country and Europe would know whether or not the United States is to go to war with Germany!"

The President nodded, and, shutting his eyes, leaned back again against the cushions.

"About how would the dispatch read, Collins?"

"About like this, sir: 'The Cabinet's decision in the matter of the German crisis has already been reached, and the meeting called for ten o'clock this forenoon will be in reality nothing more than a formality. The Cabinet has already decided to recall the United States Minister from Germany and to sever all diplomatic relations with that Empire. I have this on the authority of an official high in Government circles, and in the confidence of the Cabinet; a man whose statements are absolutely reliable.'"

The President smiled grimly.

"And in thirty minutes stocks would fall twenty points! A most reprehensible proceeding, Collins. But here we are, and now for breakfast."

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The managing editor of the Washington Evening Despatch entered his office, hung up his coat, opened his desk, and pressed one of a row of white buttons along its edge. Then he threw open the window and looked down upon the broad, sunny street. The city was already going, somewhat feverishly, about its business, although the managing editor's watch showed the time to be but a quarter to eight.

Two negro boys laden with papers hurried by on opposite sides of the street, their voices sounding clear in the morning air:

"Extry! Extry! Independent! Sec'tary Brinton declares for war! Extry!"

The office-boy hurried in and the editor turned from the window.

"Here, get me a copy of that Independent extra. Hurry with it."

The boy seized the nickel and sped out. The editor turned again to the desk and pressed a button labeled "C. E." A moment later the door on the left opened and the city editor entered, nodded silently, and passing to the window surveyed the street as he lighted his after-breakfast pipe. The city editor was short and stout and lazy-looking, with a round, good-natured face, and pale blue eyes which were usually half hidden under heavy lids. The managing editor, tall, dark, and a mass of nerves from head to foot, lighted the first of the dozen or so cigars which he would consume before bedtime, and dropped into his chair.

"Well?"

The city editor faced him and blew a cloud of smoke to the ceiling before he answered:

"The Independent has an extra on the street. Secretary Brinton put his head out of the window and they faked up an interview."

The managing editor nodded. "I've sent for it. Have you seen Williams yet?"

"Yes. He's going to have everything fixed for a special at nine. Warren is up at the Assistant Secretary of War's getting stuff about the Cincinnati and Olympia; the Associated Press says they left Mare Island last night with sealed orders."

"Who's covering what?"

"Burt and Goodrich are at the Senate; Dabney's on the way to the White House; Thompson's doing stunts at the War Office, and Warren's faking that war-ship story I spoke of. I've got three extra men on local, and I've put Parker on the trail of Senator Tyson. He's going to get an interview about ten o'clock, making the old gentleman predict war, and we'll get out the gingerest kind of a special on the strength of it!"

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The office-boy rushed in and thrust a paper, its ink still sticky from the press, into the managing editor's hands. The city editor leaned forward and read it over the other's shoulder.

"Humph, just as I thought! 'Secretary of State Brinton was interviewed by an Independent reporter at half-past seven this morning,'—humph,—'refused to make a denial of the report that he would advocate war with Germany at the Cabinet meeting to be held at ten o'clock.'"

"Hello!" exclaimed the managing editor. "Wonder if there's anything in this? 'The President is entertaining a guest at breakfast; thought to be the British Ambassador.' Better look into that!"

"I'll telephone Dabney. He ought to be up there by this time, if he hasn't gone to sleep on the way."

The managing editor nodded thoughtfully and the other moved toward the door. Then:

"Joe!"

The city editor paused with his hand on the knob. "Joe, we've got to have the result of that meeting before the others. We've *got* to, Joe!" The managing editor bit hard on his cigar, and his long, thin fingers crumpled the "extra" nervously.

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The city editor blew a thread of smoke into the sunlight. Then his left eye opened and closed again in a slow, deliberate wink.

"Fifteen minutes," he answered softly.

The door closed behind him and the managing editor heaved a sigh of relief.

"He'll do it," he muttered.

"Extry! Extry Telegram!" The editor hurried to the window. "Extry! German war-ships leaving Kiel! Extry! Extre-e-e!"

"Gentleman to see you, sir." The office-boy laid a card on the desk.

"'Thomas Collins,'" read the editor; "'Important.'" He raised his eyebrows and looked a moment doubtfully at the inscription. Then he tossed the card away.

"Let him come in." The editor sank into his chair, and seizing the shears savagely attacked the editorial page of the Post. The door opened and shut, and the managing editor glanced up with a nod. Then, apparently thinking better of it, he extended a hand which the visitor took and shook hurriedly.

"Mr. Strang, I've got the biggest kind of a beat!"

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The editor eyed Tom askance and finished clipping a paragraph, holding it poised on the end of the shears.

"Political?"

"Yes, sir."

"Want to sell it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's its nature?"

"Cabinet meeting."

"I'll have to know more than that."

"I know the result!"

The editor laid aside his shears.

"Nonsense, Collins; no one knows that."

"I know it, sir; so does the Cabinet. The meeting is just a form."

The editor lowered his gaze and studied the clipping for a moment in silence. Then:

"Think so? Who'd you get it from?"

"I can't tell that, sir; I can only say that it was from some one who will be at the meeting; some one who doesn't lie."

"Hm! You're dead certain?"

"Yes, sir."

The managing editor leaned over and put his lips to a tube.

"Williams there? Tell him to step to the tube. That you, Williams? I've got a special. Get a plate ready. I'll send it down by pages right away. What? How much is there, Collins?"

"A couple of sticks; perhaps three."

"Three sticks. And for Heaven's sake get a move on!" The editor dropped the tube and faced about.

"Now, what's your price?"

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But Tom only shook his head. He was already making copy on the top of the desk. The editor smiled and looked at his watch. It was 8:25. By 8:45 the special should be on the street. A sheet of copy fluttered down and the managing editor caught it, skimmed it hurriedly, strode to the slide and sent it down with much rattling of ropes.

"Copy!" he shouted, and "All right, sir!" came the faint response from the composing room. Then there was silence save for the scratch, scratch of the hurrying pencil and the quick puff, puff of the editor's cigar. Another sheet was thrust aside, seized by the editor and read. A look of intense surprise overspread his face, and he hesitated with hand on the slide rope.

"This—this is all right, Collins? There's no mistake?"

The only reply was an impatient shake of the head bending over the desk-top. The editor hesitated an instant longer; then:

"Copy!" he cried, and again the little box went rattling down. Dropping into his chair, the editor seized his pencil, puffed savagely while he studied the nearest point on the moulding, and then dashed into a thrilling "scare head" to reach half across and half-way down the first page. Tom was already at the slide.

"That's all, sir." The editor jammed the two sheets into the box, seized the rope, and sent the last of the greatest "beat" in the history of the paper speeding downward.

"Copy!"

"All right, sir!" came the response.

"All down!"

"Close up!" was the echo from below, and the editor of the Despatch sank into his chair, drew open a drawer, and slammed a box of cigars on the desk. Tom shook his head; the editor selected one and lighted it.

"Now, Collins, what's your figure?"

"My old desk, sir."

"Hm; what else?"

"That's all, sir."

The managing editor swung round.

"What's that?"

"My old place on the force, Mr. Strang."

"Don't you know you could have sold that story in New York at your own price? Don't you know the Despatch stands ready to pay well for it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom quietly.

The managing editor stared hard for a moment. Then he rose, tossed aside his cigar, and laid a hand on Tom's arm.

"Which is it?" he asked.

The local room was well-nigh deserted. Only a dense cloud of smoke above the desk inside the railing indicated the presence of the city editor. A couple of youths who had reported in hope of receiving assignments talked together in low tones by the door. Tom led the way to one of the little ink-stained desks. With a sweep of his arm the managing editor sent inkstand and paste-pot, paper and pens to the floor. The face of the city editor loomed like a calm, dim moon through the smoke. To him turned the managing editor.

"Mr. Bunce, hereafter this desk belongs to Mr. Collins!"

The round face smiled, nodded silently, and then disappeared again.

And from below came the steady jar of the hurrying presses.

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"Mr. President!"

The President of the United States paused on the threshold of the Cabinet-room and awaited the approach of the Secretary of State, who waved a newspaper excitedly.

"Have—have you seen this?" he panted.

The President took the sheet, still damp. "'Evening Despatch,'" he read slowly; "'Nine O'Clock Special.'" Then his gaze moved to the great staring head-lines.

"*THE VERDICT IS WAR!*"

With calm deliberation he scanned the article. The Secretary of State's countenance was fast growing apoplectic.

"It appears to be about right," he said with a quiet smile, returning the paper.

"A—a—about right!" shouted Secretary Brinton; "it's—it's *all* right! But who could have done this? Where'd they get it? A nice state of affairs when Cabinet secrets are barefacedly divulged to the penny papers!"

"Most reprehensible," responded the President gravely, but in the tone of one making a quotation.

"Well, but what's to be done?" demanded the Secretary of State impatiently.

The President looked thoughtful.

"I believe," he answered at length, "that the best thing to do is to get to work as soon as possible and fulfill the prediction of the penny paper!" Then he laid a hand on the other's shoulder and lowered his voice.

"As to how they got hold of that, now, do you know, I should not be surprised to learn that they had employed supernatural agencies? This is a wonderful age we live in, and its most wonderful feature is the penny paper. After you, Mr. Secretary."

"This—this is all right, Collins? There's no mistake?"

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XVI

THE weeks following the August bank holiday is very rarely indeed a busy or anxious time in the city. In the ordinary course of things it serves as the easy-going prelude,—with but casual and inattentive visits eastward, and with only the most careless glances through the financial papers,—to the halcyon period of the real vacation. Men come to the city during this week, it is true, but their thoughts are elsewhere,—on the moors, on the blue sea, on the glacier, or the fiord, or the German pine forests.

To the great mass of city people this August in question began in a normal enough fashion. To one little group of operators, however, and to the widening circle of brokers, bankers and other men of affairs whose interests were more or less involved with those of this group, it was a season of keen perturbation.

A combat of an extraordinary character was going on,—a combat which threatened to develop into a massacre. Even to the operators, who, unhappily for themselves, were principals in this fight, it was a struggle in the dark. They knew little about it beyond the grimly patent fact that they were battling for their very lives. The outer ring of their friends and supporters and dependents knew still less, though their rage and fears were perhaps greater.

The press seemed to know nothing at all. This unnatural silence of the city's mouthpieces, usually so resoundingly clamorous upon one side and the other when a duel is in progress, gave a sinister aspect to the thing. The papers had been gagged and blindfolded for the occasion. This in itself was of baleful significance. It was not a duel which they had been bribed to ignore. It was an assassination.

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Outwardly there was nothing to see save the unofficial, bald statement that on August 1 the latest of twelve fortnightly settlements in this stock, Rubber Consols had been bid for and carried over at £15 for one-pound shares.

The information concerned the public at large not at all. Nobody knew of any friend or neighbor who was fortunate enough to possess some of these shares. Readers here and there, noting the figures, must have said to themselves that certain lucky people were coining money, but very little happened to be printed as to the identity of these people. Stray notes were beginning to appear in the personal columns of the afternoon papers about a "Rubber King" of the name of Thorpe, but the modern exploitation of the world's four corners makes so many "kings" that the name had not, as yet, familiarized itself to the popular eye.

City men, who hear more than they read, knew in a general way about this "Rubber King." He was an outsider who had come in, and was obviously filling his pockets; but it was a comforting rule that outsiders who did this always got their pockets emptied for them again in the long run. There seemed nothing about Thorpe to suggest that he would prove an exception to the rule. He was investing his winnings with great freedom, so the city understood, and his office was besieged daily by promoters and touts. They could clean out his strong-box faster than the profits of his rubber corner could fill it. To know such a man, however, could not but be useful, and they made furtive notes of his number in Austin Friars on their cuffs after conversation had drifted from him to other topics.

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As to the rubber corner itself, the Stock Exchange as a whole was apathetic. When some of the sufferers ventured cautious hints about the possibility of official intervention on their behalf they were laughed at by those who did not turn away in cold silence. Of the fourteen men who had originally been caught in the net drawn tight by Thorpe and Semple, all the conspicuous ones belonged to the class of "wreckers," a class which does not endear itself to Capel Court.

Both Rostocker and Aronson, who, it was said, were worst hit, were men of great wealth, but they had systematically amassed these fortunes by strangling in their cradles weak enterprises, and by undermining and toppling over other enterprises which would not have been weak if they had been given a legitimate chance to live. Their system was legal enough, in the eyes alike of the law and of the Stock Exchange rules. They had an undoubted right to mark out their prey and pursue it, and bring it down, and feed to the bone upon it. But the exercise of this right did not make them beloved by the begetters and sponsors of their victims.

When word first went round, on the last day of February, that a lamb had unexpectedly turned upon these two practiced and confident wolves, and had torn an ear from each of them, and driven them pell-mell, it was received with a gratified smile.

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Later, by fortnightly stages, the story grew at once more tragic and more satisfactory. Not only Rostocker and Aronson, but a dozen others were in the *cul de sac* guarded by this bloody-minded lamb. Most of the names were well known as those of wreckers.

In this category belonged Blaustein, Ganz, Rothfoere, Lewis, Ascher, and Mendel, and if Harding, Carpenter and Vesey could not be so confidently classified, at least their misfortune excited no particular sympathy.

"The Marquis of Chaldon,—and a gentleman with him."

The announcement, from a clerk who had noiselessly opened the door, imposed itself with decorum upon Thorpe's reverie

Two other names mentioned, those of Norfell and Pinney, were practically unknown.

There was some surprise, however, at the statement that the old and respected and extremely conservative firm of Fromentin Brothers was entangled in the thing. Egyptian bonds, minor Levantine loans, discounts in the Arabian and Persian trades,—these had been specialties of the Fromentins for many years. Who could have expected to find them caught among the "shorts" in Mexican rubber? Wasn't it Mexico that these Rubber Consols purported to be connected with?

Thorpe's Company, upon its commercial merits, had not been considered at all by the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange at the time of its flotation. Men vaguely and with difficulty recalled the fact of its prospectus when the corner in its shares was first talked about. They looked it up in their lists and files later on, but its terms said nothing to them. Nobody discussed the value of the assets owned by this Company, or the probability of its paying a dividend,—even when the price bid for its shares was making the most sensational upward leaps. How Thorpe stood with his shareholders, or whether he had any genuine shareholders behind him at all, was seen by the keen eyes of Capel Court to be beside the question.

By the end of July it was understood that the fight was well worth watching. The only trouble was that there was so little to see. The papers said nothing. The sufferers were the reverse of garrulous.

The little red Scotchman, Semple, who was the visible avenging sword of the corner, was more imperturbably silent than anybody else. His fellow-members in the "House" watched him now, however, with a new respect. They discovered unsuspected elements of power in his thin, tight mouth, in the direct, cold glances of his brown-gray eyes, in the very way he carried his head and wore his hat. He came to be pointed out, and nodded about behind his back, more than any one else in the "House," and important men sought his acquaintance with an awkward show of civility who were notorious for their rude exclusiveness.

It might be, of course, that his "corner" would break under him at any fortnightly settlement, but already he had carried it much further than such things often went, and the planning of the *coup* had been beyond doubt Napoleonic.

Had this small, sandy Scot planned it, or was he merely the weapon in Thorpe's hand? Both views had their supporters on the Exchange, but after the wrench of August 1, when with an abrupt eighty-shilling rise the price of Rubber Consols stood at £15, and it was to be computed that Semple had received on that single day nearly £75,000 in differences and "backwardation," a story was set afloat which gave Thorpe the undivided credit of the invention.

It was related as coming from his own lips that he had schemed it all out to be revenged upon a group of Jewish operators against whom he had a grievance. In confirmation of this tale, it was pointed out that, of the seven men still held pinned in the fatal corner, six were Jews. But then it was objected, upon reflection, that Blaustein and Ascher had both been permitted to make their escape, and this hardly justified the theory of an implacable anti-Semitic vendetta.

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The objection seemed reasonable, but it was met in turn by the point that Blaustein and Ascher had been "bled white," as Bismarck's phrase went, before they were released, whereas the five Christians had been liberated with relatively moderate fines. Upon the whole, a certain odor of the *judenhetze* clung thereafter about the "corner" in Rubber Consols.

On an afternoon of the following week, Mr. Stormont Thorpe was alone in the Board room of the offices in Austin Friars. He had risen from the great roller-topped desk over between the windows, and walked now with a lethargic, tired step to and fro before the empty fireplace, yawning more than once.

—a tall, slender, sharp-faced, clean-shaven, narrow-shouldered man, who by these accounts of his years ought not to have such excessively black hair

The intervening six months had effected visible changes in the outer man. One noted most readily that the face had grown fuller in its lower parts, and was far less browned than formerly. The large, heavy countenance, with its square jaws masked now under increased flesh, its beginnings of a double chin, and its slightly flabby effect of pallor, was no longer lacking in individual distinction. It was palpably the visage of a dictator. The mustache had been cut down to military brevity, and the line of mouth below it was eloquent of rough power. The steady gray eyes, seemingly smaller yet more conspicuous than before, revealed in their glance new elements of secretiveness, of strategy supported by abundant and confident personal force.

"The Marquis of Chaldon,—and a gentleman with him."

The announcement, from a clerk who had noiselessly opened the door, imposed itself with decorum upon Thorpe's reverie.

"Who is the gentleman with him?" Thorpe began austerely to ask, after an instant's hesitation. But this briefest of delays had brought the callers into plain view behind the clerk, and with a slight gesture the master assented to their entrance.

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This large apartment was no longer called the Board room by anybody. By tacit processes it had become Mr. Thorpe's room. Not even the titular Chairman of the Company, the renowned and eminent Lord Chaldon, ex-Ambassador and ex-Viceroy, entered this chamber with any assumption of proprietorship in it. No hint of a recollection that there were such things as the Company and the Board, or that he was nominally the head of both, expressed itself in His Lordship's demeanor as he advanced, his hand a little extended.

The noble Chairman was white of beard and hair, and extremely courteous of manner, a small, carefully clad, gracious old gentleman, whose mild, pink countenance had, with years of anxiety about ways and means, disposed itself in lines which produced a chronic expression of solicitude. A nervous affection of the eyelids lent to this look, at intervals, a beseeching quality which embarrassed the beholder. All men had liked him, and spoken well of him throughout his long and hard-worked career. Thorpe was very fond of him, indeed, and put a respectful cordiality into his grasp of the proffered hand. Then he looked, with a certain thinly veiled bluntness of inquiry, past the Marquis to his companion.

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"You were very kind to give me the appointment," said Lord Chaldon, with a little purring gloss of affability upon the earnestness of his tone. "I wish very much to introduce to you my friend,—my old friend, I may say,—Monsieur Alexandre Fromentin. We slept together under the same tent in the Persian country beyond Bagdad,—oh, it must have been quite forty years ago. And often since we have renewed that old friendship, at many different places,—India and Constantinople and Egypt. I wish heartily to commend him to your—your kindness."

Thorpe had perfunctorily shaken hands with the stranger,—a tall, slender, sharp-faced, clean-shaven, narrow-shouldered man, who by these accounts of his years ought not to have such excessively black hair. He bowed in a foreign fashion, and uttered some words which Thorpe, though he recognized them as English in intent, failed to follow.

The voice was that of an elderly man, and at a second glance there were plenty of proofs that he might have been older than the Marquis, out there in Persia, forty years ago. But Thorpe did not like old men who dyed their hair, and he offered his visitors chairs, drawn up from the table toward his desk, with a certain reserve of manner. Seating himself in the revolving chair at the desk itself, he put the tips of his fingers together, and looked this gentleman with the Continental name and experience in the face.

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"Is there something you wish me to do?" he asked, passively facilitating the opening of conversation.

"Ah, my God! 'Something!'" repeated the other, with a fluttering gesture of his hands over his thin, pointed knees,—"everything, Mr. Thorpe!"

"That's a tolerably large order, isn't it?" Thorpe asked calmly, moving a slow, inscrutable glance from one to the other.

"I could ask for nothing that would be a greater personal favor—and kindness," Lord Chaldon interposed. His tone bore the stress of sincerity.

"That means a great deal to me, as you know, my Lord," replied Thorpe, "but I don't in the least understand. What is it that your friend wants?"

"Only that I shall not be buried in a bankrupt's grave," the suppliant answered, with a kind of embittered eagerness of utterance. "That I shall not see disgraced the honored name that my father and his father bequeathed to my care!"

Thorpe's large, composed countenance betrayed a certain perplexity. "There must be a mistake," he observed. "I don't even know this name of yours. I never heard it before."

The other's mobile face twisted itself in a grimace of incredulity. He had a conspicuously wide mouth and its trick of sidelong extension at this moment was very unpleasant. "He never heard it," he ejaculated, turning nervously to the Marquis. "Would that you never had!" he told Thorpe, with suppressed excitement.

Lord Chaldon, his own voice shaken a little, interposed with an explanation. "My friend is the head,—the respected head,—of

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

the firm of Fromentin Brothers. I think you have—have dealings with them."

Thorpe, after a furtive instant of bewilderment, opened his mouth. "Oh! I see," he said. "I know what you mean now. With the French pronunciation I didn't recognize the name. I've always heard it called 'Fro-menn-tin' here in London. Oh, yes, of course,—Fromentin Brothers."

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His lips shut tight again at this. The listeners had caught no helpful clue from the tone of his words. They exchanged a glance, and then M. Fromentin spoke:

"'Mr. Thorpe,' he began slowly, with an obvious effort at self-repression, "it is a very simple story. Our house is an old one. My father's grandfather organized the finance of the commissariat of General Bonaparte in Egypt. He created the small beginnings of the carpet and rug importation from Asia Minor. His son, and in turn his son, followed him. They became bankers as well as importers. They helped very greatly to develop the trade of the Levant. They were not avaricious men, or usurers. It is not in our blood. Your Chairman, Lord Chaldon, who honors me so highly by calling me his friend,—he will assure you that we have a good name in the East. Our banks have befriended the people, and never oppressed or injured them. For that reason,—I will say perhaps for that reason,—we have never become a very rich house. It is possible to name bankers who have made large fortunes out of Egypt. It was different with us. Lord Chaldon will tell you that of our own free will,—my two brothers and I,—of our own choice we consented to lose a fifth of our possessions rather than coin into gold by force the tears and blood of the wretched fellaheen."

"Yes; I have never known a more honorable or humane action," put in the Marquis fervently.

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"And then my brothers died,—Polydor, who lived mostly at Smyrna, and whose estate was withdrawn from the business by his widow, and Augustin, who lived here in London after 1870, and died,—it is now six years ago,—he left a son, Robert, who is my nephew, and my partner. He is now of an age,—perhaps thirty years. He was a small child when he came to London,—he has become more English than the English themselves. His activity and industry are very great; he forms plans of such magnitude and numbers that they would compel his grandfather to turn in his coffin. I am in indifferent health. I live much at Homburg and Marienbad and at Cairo. Practically speaking, I have retired from business. There remain branches of our house in several places, but the London house has become the centre of all things, and Robert has become the London house. This I make plain to your mind, do I, Mr. Thorpe?"

The other, with his chin sunk within the collar of his white waistcoat, and scrutinizing the narrator with a steadfast though impassive glance, made the faintest possible nod of assent.

"I had great confidence in Robert," the old man went on. His eyes were dimming with tears, and his voice quavered uncertainly. "His plans seemed wise, even if they risked more than formerly. The conditions of business are wholly altered since my youth, and it was best, I thought, to make Robert free to act under these conditions, which he understood much better than I could pretend to do.

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"Thus it was that when he said it was necessary for Fromentin Brothers to belong to the Stock Exchange I did not object. He was active and bold and clever, and he was in the thick of the fight. Therefore he should be the judge in all things. And that is our ruin. In the time of the South African excitement he won a great deal of money. Then he lost it all and more. Then gambling began, and his fortunes went, now up, now down, but always, as his books show to me now, sinking a little on the average. He grew more adventurous, more careless. He put many small counters upon different numbers on the table. You know what I mean? And in an accursed moment, because other gamblers were doing the same, he sold 2000 of your shares without having them in his hands. *Voilà!* He wishes now to put a bullet through his brain. He proposes that as the fitting end of Fromentin Frères."

He bit his lips and frowned at the sight of these figures, and set down some others, which seemed to please him no more

Thorpe, his chin on his breast, continued to regard the melancholy figure opposite with a moody eye. It seemed a long minute before he broke the tense silence by a sigh of discomfort. "I do not discuss these things with anybody," he said then, coldly. "If I had known who you were, I don't think you'd have got in."

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The Marquis of Chaldon intuitively straightened himself in his chair, and turned toward the speaker a glance of distressed surprise.

"Or, no,—I beg your pardon," Thorpe hastened to add, upon the instant hint of this look, "that doesn't convey my meaning. Of course, our Chairman brings whom he pleases. His friends, as a matter of course, are our friends. What I should have said was, that if this had been mentioned beforehand to me I should have explained that it wasn't possible to discuss that particular business."

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"But,—pardon me," said Lord Chaldon, in a quiet, very gentle yet insistent voice, which seemed now to recall to its listeners the fact that sovereigns and chancellors had in their day had attentive ears for its tones,—"pardon me, but why should it not be possible?"

Thorpe frowned doubtfully, and shifted his position in his chair. "What could I say if it were discussed?" he made vague retort. "I'm merely one of the Directors. You are our Chairman, but you see he hasn't found it of any use to discuss it with you. There are hard and fast rules about these things. They run their natural course. You are not a business man, my Lord——"

"Oh, I think I may be called a 'business man,'" interposed the nobleman suavely. "They would tell you so in Calcutta, I think, and in Cairo, too. When one considers it, I have transacted a great deal of business—on the behalf of other people. And if you will permit me,—I do not impute indirection, of course,—but your remark seems to require a footnote. It is true that I am Chairman of the Board on which you are a Director, but it is not quite the whole truth. I as Chairman know absolutely nothing about this matter. As I understand the situation, it is not in your capacity as a Director that you know anything about it, either. Yet——"

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He paused, as if suddenly conscious of some impropriety in this domestic frankness before a third party, and Thorpe pounced through his well-mannered hesitation with the swiftness of a bird of prey.

"Let me suggest," he said roundly, lifting his head and poising a hand to hold attention while he thought upon what it was he should suggest,—"this is what I would say. It seems rather irregular, doesn't it, to debate the matter in the presence of an outsider? You see it yourself. That is partly what I meant. Now I have met Mr. Fromentin,"—he gave the name its English vowels with an obstinate emphasis,—"and have heard his statement. You have heard it, too. If he wishes to lay more facts before us, why, well and good. But then, I would suggest that he leave the matter in our hands, to discuss and look into between ourselves. That seems to you the proper course, doesn't it, Lord Chaldon?"

The French banker had been studying with strained acuteness the big lymphatic mask of the Director, with sundry sharp glances aside at the Chairman. The nervous changes on his alert, meagre old face showed how intently he followed every phase of their talk. A certain sardonic perception of evil in the air curled on his lip when he saw the Marquis accede with a bow and wave of the hand to Thorpe's proposition. Then he made his bow in turn, and put the best face possible upon the matter.

"Naturally I consult your convenience,—and the proprieties," he said, with an effect of proud humility. "There are but a few other facts to submit. My nephew has already paid in differences upon those accursed 2000 shares a sum of nearly £30,000. I have the figures in my pocket, but they are fixed in my head as well. Twenty-eight thousand five hundred those differences already amount to, not to speak of interest. At the last settlement, August 1, the price per share was £15. That would make £30,000 more if we bought now,—or a total of practically £60,000. *Eh bien!* I beg for the privilege of being allowed to buy these shares now.

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"It is an unpleasant confession to make, but the firm of Fromentin Frères will be made very poor by this loss of £60,000. It was not always so, but it is so now. My nephew Robert has brought it into that condition. You see my shame at this admission. With all my own means, and with his sister's marriage portion, we can make up this sum of £30,000, and still enable the firm to remain in existence. I have gone over the books very painstakingly since I arrived in London. It can be kept afloat, and it can be brought back to safe and moderately profitable courses,—if nothing worse happens. With another six weeks like the last this will not be at all possible. We shall have the cup of dishonor thrust between our teeth. That will be the end of everything."

M. Fromentin finished in tremulous, grave tones. After looking with blurred eyes for a moment into Thorpe's face, he bowed his head and softly swayed the knees upon which his thin, dark hands maintained their clutch. Not even the revelation of hair quite white at the roots, unduly widening the track of parting on the top of his dyed head, could rob this movement of its mournful dignity.

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Thorpe, after a moment's pause, took a pencil and paper from the desk and made a calculation. He bit his lips and frowned at the sight of these figures, and set down some others, which seemed to please him no more. Then, with a sudden gesture as of impatience, he rose to his feet.

"How much is that sister's marriage portion you spoke of?" he asked rather brusquely.

The French gentleman had also risen. He looked with an air of astonishment at his questioner, and then hardened his face. "I apologize for mentioning it," he said with brevity. "One does not speak of family affairs."

"I asked you how much it was," pursued Thorpe in a masterful tone. "A man doesn't want to rob a girl of her marriage portion."

"I think I must not answer you," the other replied hesitatingly. "It was the fault of my emotion to introduce the subject. Pray leave the young lady out of account."

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"Then I've nothing more to say," Thorpe declared, and seated himself again with superfluous energy. He scowled for a little at the disorder of his desk, and then flung forth an angry explanation. "If you evade fair questions like that, how can you expect that I will go out of my way to help you?"

"Oh, permit me, Mr. Thorpe," the Marquis intervened soothingly, "I think you misapprehend. My friend, I am sure, wished to evade nothing. He had the idea that he was at fault in—in alluding to a purely domestic matter as—as a,—what shall I say?—as a plea for your consideration." He turned to the old banker. "You will not refuse to mention the sum to me, will you, my friend?"

M. Fromentin shrugged his shoulders. "It is £10,000," he replied almost curtly.

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Thorpe was seemingly mollified. "Very well, then," he said. "I will sell you 2000 shares at £10."

The others exchanged a wondering look.

"Monsieur," the banker stammered, "I see your meaning. You will forgive me,—it is very well meant, indeed, by you,—but it was not my proposition. The market price is £15.—and we were prepared to pay it."

Thorpe laughed in a peremptory, gusty way. "But you can't pay more than I ask!" he told him, with rough geniality. "Come, if I let you and your nephew in out of the cold, what kind of men-folk would you be to insist that your niece should be left outside? As I said, I don't want her money. I don't want any woman's money. If I'm going to be nice to the rest of the family, what's the objection to my being nice to her?"

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, after an instant's reflection, "I offer none. I did not at the moment perceive the spirit of your words, but I recognize now that it was

"HE WISHES NOW TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN. HE PROPOSES THAT AS THE FITTING END OF FROMENTIN FRÈRES"

delicacy itself. I tender you the most profound thanks,—for *all* the family."

After some further conversation the elder Fromentin took his departure, and Lord Chaldon apparently proposed to accompany him, but Thorpe begged him to remain, and he put aside his hat once more and resumed his seat.

Thorpe walked about a little, with his hands in his pockets, in a restless way. "If it isn't unpleasant to you, I think I'll light a cigar," he said suddenly, and moved over to the cabinet. He poured out a drink of neat brandy as well, and furtively swallowed it. Then he came back, preceded by a cloud of smoke.

"It went terribly against the grain," he said, with a rueful laugh. "I'd sworn to let no Jew off with an inch of hide left on him,—and here three of them have been wheedled out of my grip already."

"Jews!" exclaimed the Marquis, much puzzled. "Did you—did you think that Fromentin was a Jew? God bless me! He's no more one than I am! Why, not even so much, for there *is* a Herschell in my pedigree. Why, dear man, they were Crusaders!"

Thorpe smiled somewhat sheepishly. "I never noticed much," he said. "It was a foreign-looking name. I took it for granted."

Lord Chaldon bent his brows a little. "Yes-s," he murmured meditatively, "I've heard it mentioned that your enterprise was suspected of an anti-Semitic twist. Do you mind my talking a little with you about that?"

"Oh, not at all," the other answered with languid acquiescence as he seated himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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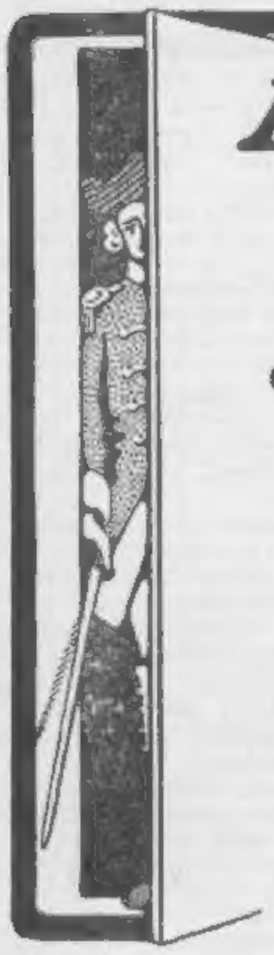
By the Thickness of a DOOR

By CHARLES G D ROBERTS

Drawings by B Martin JUSTICE



THOUGH you are only an Englishman," said Claire, contemplatively teasing the black-and-white cat with the toe of her little beaded moccasin,—"though you *are* only an Englishman, and *such* a stupid one, I do think you are worth more than five *livres Tournois;* which is just what the Black Abbé's Micmacs will get for your scalp at Quebec if you do not go away at once."

The black-and-white cat, much gratified, got up and curled himself, purring ecstatically, about her slim ankles. And I, thinking not at all of the Black Abbé and his red rabble, but wholly intent upon the whiteness of her drooped eyelids, the wonder of her brow and cheek and chin, the bronzy dark luxuriance of her hair, the grace of her light form in its frock of creamy woolen, and the exceeding daintiness of the yellow beaded moccasins, could but stammer a lame protest against this dismissal.

"But, Mademoiselle," I pleaded, "I have only just arrived, and there is so much,—so many things I want to say,—and Heaven has so far beyond my fondest expectation favored me by this opportunity, and——"

"But, Monsieur," she interrupted, with the faintest delicate mockery of my pleading inflection, "it is your absence just now that I especially covet."

"You are expecting some one!" I cried, a certain heat in my voice.

"Yes, Monsieur," she answered, her eyes still intent upon the ecstatic cat; "I am momentarily expecting a visitor."

"More welcome than I, plainly, Mademoiselle," said I, my heart sinking. "But I have come far, in the hope of a word with you; and I cannot quietly yield up this dear occasion to another man. Who is it that thrusts me from you?" I demanded with quick wrath. There was the faintest suggestion of a smile at the corners of her lips.

"I don't remember to have given you any right to ask such questions!" she said thoughtfully rather than unkindly.

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"Of course not, Mademoiselle," I protested, aghast at my own presumption. "But,—surely you were more gracious to me when I was here last autumn. You did not send me away so abruptly."

The broad white eyelids remained cast down; the sweet mouth grew grave; neglecting the cat for a moment, she said: "Indeed, I am not now ungracious to you, Monsieur. The visitor I am expecting is Father LaGarne, the Black Abbé himself. And he comes to see, not me, I assure you, but an English officer whom he expects to capture here this morning. He does not guess that I am warned and look for his coming."

"Then," I cried joyously, "there is a little time for me before he comes. I promise you I will make my adieus in——"

But at this she grew suddenly excited. She sprang up (greatly offending the cat), laid both appealing little hands upon my scarlet coatsleeve, and lifted at last to my face her wonderful eyes. Such eyes,—for a year now I had been carrying their deep light in my heart of hearts. They were of the darkest brown,—not hazel, and not velvety, but with lurking lights of amber-green and etherially crystalline, like the water of a deep woodland pool. Now they seemed to blacken with unmistakable fear.

"Oh," she implored, "go! Go at once, if you have *any* care for me. Go, for my sake!" And she pushed me toward the door. "Go through the house. I have let you stay too long. I *feel* them coming. Go out through the sheds, and down through the spruce woods,—quick, quick!"

But as I yielded to her terror,—a terror which thrilled me with joy, being a terror for me,—she checked herself, her face whitened to the lips, her hands dropped to her sides.

"It is too late!" she said faintly, her glance going past my shoulder and out across the fields. "There they go, five of them, into the spruce woods."

I followed her glance with, I confess, some uneasiness, and a vast remorse for having brought this trouble upon her by my obstinacy. She turned and looked through the screen of hop vines which shaded the spacious porch.

"And here comes the Black Abbé," she whispered, her hand going up to her breast as she leaned hopelessly against the pillar.

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I laid my hand on my sword, much perplexed at the snarl I had got myself into. But in a moment Claire recovered her wits.

"Right here! Right behind this door!" she exclaimed. "And I will tie it back with this old string as if it had been tied back for ages. It's the only place they won't look!"

The outer door of the hall opened back against one wing of the house, leaving a space scant enough into which I slipped. A moment more and her nimble fingers had the door tied carelessly to the wall, leaving an inch-wide crack through which I could peer forth upon the shaded porch and the sunlit world of Acadia beyond. I saw Claire reseat herself with the composure of coolest indolence in her Indian wicker-chair and conciliate the black-and-white cat back to her lap.

I saw the Black Abbé, a tall, sinister form in his shabby soutane, striding up the yellow-brown road between the basking buttercup-golden meadows. He came slowly, with a secure deliberation which seemed to say: "He is in the trap. He cannot wriggle out at any corner. There is no need to hurry."

This look of confidence on the grim priest's face was the thing that first brought home to me the gravity of my peril. For the first time I felt that here, on this fair morning of the green Acadian summer, under the roof and before the very eyes of the woman I loved, I was in truth only too likely to lose my life ingloriously to a priest and a pack of savages.

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Shame, more than fear, I think, burned within me as I stood moveless in my precarious hiding-place. I had a fierce impulse to step out, with bare sword, and end the thing swiftly, with at least the satisfaction of feeling ere I fell that I had rid the Acadian land of its greatest curse. To kill the Black Abbé would be a public service indeed. Yet,—I could not stain my sword on an unarmed priest. Further, I feared to involve Claire. I felt that she had taken the threads of fate into her own white fingers, and that it was no business of mine to snarl the pattern she had set herself to weave.

All this I thought rapidly. At the same time the shining, tender-colored world which I saw so vividly through the crack between door and wall cut itself deep into my memory, as things seen in a crisis are wont to do.

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Beyond the hop vines, down the southerly sloping meadows, past the roadside fence with its scattered thorn bushes, I saw the red and brimming current of the St. Croix, now at full tide, moving placidly to meet the parent waters of the rosy-breasted Piziquid. How warmly red they are, these tidal streams of Acadia, their lines so sharply drawn against the high green of the fields.

Past the tide, low hills, ever more and more green; then, behind these, the higher slopes of Piziquid village, with some clustering roofs, some poplars, and the spire of the village church. Over these the sky, purely blue, lovely, yet familiar. It was ridiculous to think that this throat of mine was in deadly jeopardy; that my life now hung upon the wit and resources of a girl.

"She can do it, if ever there was a woman who could," said I to myself as I watched the beautiful, firm, composed face, lighting now with a smile of courteous welcome as LaGarne's heavy step creaked autocratically on the platform. "Good morning, Father LaGarne!" she said civilly, rising to greet him. "My father has gone over to Piziquid, but I look for his return within the hour. Please be seated."

"I have not come to see your good father, my child," replied a peculiarly rasping voice, not unkindly, but with a too scant ceremony, which made me itch to teach him manners. The next moment the owner of the harsh voice came closely into my line of view as he stepped over beside the chair wherein Claire had been sitting. He peered out between the hop vines.

With interest and repulsion I noted the strong, fanatic, bitter lines of his face, the long and deep jaw, the piercing light eyes, pinched narrowly into the root of the nose, the high-peaked, narrow skull, whose tonsure seemed to me (he had removed his hat) the mark of its struggle to climb clear of the prickly irritation of its stiff hair.

"There would be time for him to seek a secure hiding-place," said he thoughtfully. "Tell me, my daughter, has he retired to the cellar or to the attic?" The deepening insolence of his tone maddened me.

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"What do you mean, Father LaGarne?" asked Claire very coldly, seating herself on a bench that stood where it would best obstruct any chance disturbance of my hiding-place.

The Black Abbé turned and gave her a long, penetrating look, full of irony.

"I chance to know, my child," said he with dangerous smoothness, his voice softening to a marvel, "that Captain Marsh is in this house. I want him."

"You have been misinformed," answered Claire, curtly positive.

"My own eyes informed me of his coming, my daughter," continued the priest in tones now soft as silk. "And I have taken sufficient precaution that he should not go away."

"As I have already said, you are mistaken, Father LaGarne," repeated Mademoiselle, rising, and with a plain intimation in her attitude that her visitor might consider himself dismissed.

The visitor ignored both her attitude and her denial. He turned upon her, towering in dark authority. "Tell me where he is hiding," he commanded, no longer smooth of speech or accent.

But upon Mademoiselle de la Mare his air of command was wasted.

"You forget, Monsieur," she retorted scornfully, "that you are not talking to one of your flock or to a girl of the villages."

The priest's eyes contracted angrily. Hitherto he had seemed to take a dramatic interest in the matter, varying his tones, acting and speaking for the effect, and pleasing himself with the game. Now he was himself.

"I have no time to waste in parley with a chit of a girl," he snapped. "My men

"IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THEY WON'T LOOK!"

will find him." And, at a guttural word which I knew not, there came to my ear the light padding of moccasined feet upon the porch. Claire sprang into the doorway.

"I forbid you or your followers to enter my father's house in his absence!" she exclaimed with firmness, but with a certain tremor in her voice as if she had a fear which she could not quite control.

"Stand aside, girl," he ordered curtly.

"You shall answer to my father for this, Monsieur," she cried. I noted and began to understand the cunning assumption of terror behind the brave words. "Excellent! Oh, wise and ready wit!" I murmured to myself.

"Oh, you can safely leave Monsieur de la Mare to *me*!" retorted the Abbé with an unpleasant laugh.

"I have told you, Monsieur, that there is no one there. *There is no one there!*" she repeated, and her voice was now pleading almost to tears.

"Girls have lied before this to shield their lovers!" was the brutal answer. "Come, stand aside, lest you be made to."

"How dare you!" she gasped, and slipped again into the chair where I could see her. Her face was averted from my hiding-place, but I could see one little ear and the sweet rondure of her neck. They were crimson with shame. I had much ado to hold myself in check at this sign of distress.

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In went the padding feet, and for an instant longer I heard them on the wide hall floor. But the priest failed to do as she had expected. He remained beside her on the porch.

"I will wait here and explain to your father when he comes."

"If you set those animals to desecrate our house," cried Claire, her teeth shutting viciously between every other word, "you would at least, if you had ever been a gentleman, go with them and see what they do!"

I saw her nervously jerking her handkerchief to and fro between her slim fingers. She was baffled and trembling.

"Don't be alarmed for your gew-gaws!" sneered LaGarne, still too angry to amuse himself by affecting good humor. "It is only your lover they are after."

At this gratuitous insolence she did not seem even angry, at which I was profoundly astonished.

I had been on the point of stepping forth to whip the cur with my scabbard, but perceiving that she was no more moved than to smile coolly upon him, tapping her little moccasins on the hop-vine trellis, I thought better of it. If she did not feel herself insulted it were mere presumption on my part to interfere. Was *I* to teach her she had received an insult? I quenched my wrath in wonder, wherein there lurked a sweet delight.

It was not till long afterward,—so dull was I,—I understood the matter. She had feared that I might break out, avenge the rudeness, and ruin all. Therefore she had put the curb on her galled pride and seemed to take no offense.

"You reassure me most marvelously, Monsieur!" she murmured, and turned upon him a glance of mirth so genuine and so inexplicable that he glared at her with unaffected wonder from beneath his shapeless narrow brows. He did not like to be puzzled. This girl, with her unaccountable variations of temper, puzzled him.

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I saw him redden a bricky color in the wrinkles of his rough-hewn jaw. But he spoke not a word. He simply eyed her, seeking to disconcert her,—and she,—she grew but the more gayly at ease under the glance which, as I had heard, was wont to make all Acadia tremble.

Presently he shifted this unprofitable exercise of his eyes and grew intent upon the doorway whence he expected his savages to drag me with no more delay. I saw Claire give a quick glance out through the hop leaves and turn her face at once back toward her antagonist. What she had seen plainly gave her satisfaction. I looked also.

Up from the red St. Croix, striding hastily through the buttercup meadows, came the tall form of Denys de la Mare. He came with an anxious air upon his face, as of one who sees something amiss. Perhaps he had marked the savages lurking about.

Just now came the running of furtive feet from within, and LaGarne broke out with angry interrogatories in Micmac, from which I gathered, not without reason, that the savages had failed to find me. There were low replies, strange mixture of the harsh and musical, as that language is, and the priest turned sharply to Mademoiselle.

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"There is one chamber locked," said he. "Give me the key."

"Pardon me, Father LaGarne," she answered very sweetly, but with a sort of exultation in her voice, "but you surely cannot ask a young girl to throw open her private chamber to this rabble. That is my own room. I took occasion to lock it some hours ago for reasons quite personal."

Having, as he imagined, his quarry now marked down where there could be no mistake, LaGarne recovered his composure and lost some haste.

"I doubt not, my daughter, that your reason is quite personal,"—he spoke in an indulgent tone,—"and looks well in a red coat. But, indeed, it was not some hours ago that you locked him in, since it was not one hour back that he passed up this way from the village. It was little courteous of him to seek such a place for hiding and subject a maiden's refuge to such disclosure. But the King's service respects not ladies' chambers. Give me the key, child, or I must force the door. The game is up!"

The words were scarce out of his mouth when, with a little cry, Claire sprang forward and clutched her father's arms.

"Father!" she panted, "this base priest insults me. He says I have a man locked up in my room." And she sobbed a little. The strain had been long and terrible, and now she shifted it to her father's shoulders.

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There was silence for a second, and very greatly I desired to see the face of Denys de la Mare, which was not within the scant range of my view. His voice when he spoke was stern enough.

"I beg you to explain yourself, Father LaGarne!" was all he said. But I gathered that, however intimate had been these two, they were like to be divided now.

"It is soon told, my friend!" responded the Black Abbé coolly. "Less than an hour back there came to this house, presumably to see your daughter in your absence, an English officer from Halifax, one Captain Marsh." (The priest, being a fanatic, with no great knowledge of human nature and no understanding of the comradeship betwixt this father and daughter, thought to set the one against the other by his suggestion.) "My followers saw him enter the house. It has been closely surrounded ever since. There is no escape. He is within, as surely as if I now saw him there with these eyes,—

—"*though you are only an Englishman, and such a stupid one, I do think you are worth more than five* livres Tournois"

which have seen the undoing of many another English dog. The outbuildings have been searched, the house has been searched, attic to cellar. In vain. One room has not been searched,—your daughter's chamber. The door is locked. She refuses me the key. I call upon you, Denys de la Mare, in the name of France and of the Church, bid the girl give up the key,—deliver up the shaking wretch she hides!"

"I have given him my word of honor, father," interrupted Claire, "that there is no man in the house. I give it now to you. Will you shame me before this low fellow, who disgraces his gown and tonsure?"

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"Surely your word is enough for me, Chérie," answered De la Mare. "If you say it, there is no man there. That's all. But as for you, Father LaGarne, you have presumed grossly in sending your red scum through my house without my authority. It served nothing but your own vainglorious and tyrannous pride. The King's service could safely have awaited my return from the village, if, as you say, you had your prey fairly trapped."

"Pish!" said the priest. "What I want of you now, Denys de la Mare, is that door opened. We can argue the point of ceremony afterward."

There was a weighty pause. I felt for the high-spirited Frenchman, forced to hold himself in check lest he bring peril on his child. In a second or two he answered, but not to the priest.

"Dear heart," said he tenderly, "this fellow must have his way. Thou canst not rest under his insinuation. His lie must be thrust back into his throat. Go thou with him alone, open the door, open every box and cupboard, shake out for him your cloaks and kirtles. After all, he is a priest,—of a kind. But if one of his redskins goes with you, I'll run that one through with my sword."

LaGarne laughed, but seemed satisfied. To get his way was enough for him.

"Go on, mistress. I follow you!" said he. And I saw that at least he lacked not courage.

For some minutes there was silence save for De la Mare's impatient drumming on the porch post and a faint scuffling of moccasins in the hall, where, as I inferred, the savages awaited a signal from their leader. Then the redskins came out, descended the steps, and gathered in a stolid, painted group over against a bed of blossoming phlox, where I could well see them and learn to pray for deliverance from so murderous a crew.

Close after them, and heeding them just so much as if they had been a puff of dust blown before her, came Claire, seating herself once more in her wicker chair by the vines.

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The picture gave me a strange sense of security, there—while my life clung on the thinnest edge of hazard, the veil between this world and the next reduced to the thickness of a painted door.

LaGarne came lingeringly, and I cursed him with unreasonable vexation because he came not where I could see his disappointed face.

"It is unbelievable!" he muttered. "The room is empty. Were it in France, now, I'd swear there was a secret cupboard wherein she'd bestowed him. But what need of such contrivances in Acadia? It looks as if he had escaped us, and by your face you're glad of it, Denys de la Mare!" He flushed out in sudden fury, "I'll search yet once more!"

I heard De la Mare spring into his doorway.

"By God," he cried, "you cross not this threshold again. You've had your way. Your insolence has gone unpunished. Now go you."

"I go when I please,—and come when I please," retorted the priest, and in the colossal egotism of his tones there was yet a something which said he was not going to force a final quarrel, at least on the moment. "I will not search again,—not because you forbid me, but because I see it is idle. But I tell you, Denys de la Mare, did I still think this chit here had the dog concealed within, I'd burn your house about your ears rather than he should escape. You, and such as you, need a lesson, if Acadia would be kept true to King and Church."

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De la Mare took a stride forward, and on the edge of the steps the Black Abbé turned and faced him.

"It is you who need a lesson," cried the Acadian gentleman, his voice trembling. "My hand itches sorely to lay this scabbard about your ears!"

"Yonder are ten reasons why you should not," retorted the priest, with a scorching calm. "And there are a score more reasons like it in the woods yonder."

My heart was hot within me for this high-spirited Frenchman, compelled to curb his righteous indignation. Had it not been for Claire, I truly believe he would have kicked the tonsured bully down the steps and taken any consequences with good will. But he mightily held himself in hand.

"It is a proper way to serve your cause, surely," he said with accusing bitterness and a certain sorrow in his voice, "to drive into the arms of England the few honest gentlemen of Acadia whose hearts yet hold true to King Louis. To the English, forsooth, we are compelled to turn for protection from a mad priest and a pack of redskins, who pretend to serve France. You, François LaGarne, well called the Black Abbé, are the curse of this land."

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"Fool," retorted LaGarne with easy contempt, "*you* to prate to me of taking refuge with the English. What have I to do but send the Governor a hint, through my tools in Halifax, of the part you played so zealously three years ago at——"

But at this moment I foresaw complications. My mind for once worked on the instant.

"Hold!" I shouted, snapping the string and swinging the door with a mighty slam as I strode forth. "I'll hear no secrets!"

My sword was naked in my right hand. I had had it ready this long time, you may be sure. With my left I drew a pistol from my belt, and knowing that now the fat was all in the fire, I discharged it point blank at LaGarne.

That miscreant leaped, however, at the lifting of my arm, else had he sorely defrauded an honest gallows; and my shot fetched down a vermilion-faced savage who was happily in range. As my black-frocked enemy jumped, De la Mare was at my side on the instant, his sword drawn.

"Within; get within!" he shouted to Claire; but she, picking up my empty pistol, coolly but swiftly proceeded to reload it.

The savages were brave enough, but somewhat taken aback by my appearance and the death of their fellow. Ever sparing of their own skins, and seeing us two well armed and desperate, they nimbly withdrew out of pistol-shot to take counsel.

"They give us time, Monsieur," muttered De la Mare, his long, dark face working with the fever of the fight. "The guns! The guns, Claire! They're both loaded!"

But as she sprang to obey I stayed her with my left hand. I had looked down toward the red St. Croix. I had seen something.

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"No need!" said I, striving to keep the exultation from my voice. "Look!" and I strode out upon the steps where my scarlet coat shone in the sun, and waved my sword above my head and shouted at the top of my lungs:

"England! This way! This way! *Double!*"

Up from the waterside came a squad of English infantry on the run.

LaGarne saw, and, gathering up his soutane, ran too, with more speed than priestly decorum. He knew there was a rope at Halifax itching hotly for his neck. His followers seemed to drop into the grass, so instantly they vanished, stooping and gliding like snakes.

I turned to my astonished hosts. Claire had reseated herself in the wicker chair,—but the black-and-white cat, offended by the clap of my pistol, had gone. De la Mare stood beside me, leaning on his naked sword, interrogation in his grave eyes,—and a vague apprehension which I speedily set at rest.

I held out my hand to him.

"Thank you with all my heart, Monsieur," said I with fervor, "for your most loyal backing!"

"I was committed! But I have more to thank you for, Captain Marsh!"

I waved this aside.

"This is my command coming," said I. "It was nigh coming too late. One of my reasons for calling this morning, Monsieur, was to ask your advice as to where they had best be quartered in Piziquid. Under the circumstances——"

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"Under the circumstances, I beg that they be quartered here and on my tenants," he interrupted eagerly, "unless there be any other in the country who needs your protection more. And what was your other reason, Monsieur?"

I hesitated. Should I? Could I dare at that lucky moment? I looked at Claire. Her great eyes met mine with an instant's flaming glance of imperious prohibition. I dared not.

"Not—not just now!" I stammered, suddenly disheartened. "By and by, when we have better occasion, Monsieur, I will beg you to listen to me."

"At your pleasure, Monsieur," he answered, with a courtesy which I could not but note had warmth in it.

I ventured to look again at Claire, but could not catch her eye. She had thrust forward one little foot and was very intently studying the beadwork on her moccasin. I took courage at seeing a flush slowly steal over her wonderful face.

Then I turned, my heart swelling with sudden triumph, and my squad halted before the steps. Very pleasantly their bayonets rattled as they came to attention.

THE NECESSITY FOR ARMY EXPANSION

By the Hon. J. A. T. Hull
Chairman of the Committee on *Military Affairs*

IT MIGHT be difficult for a layman to understand why the United States Army should be reorganized, but the reasons for its increase are so many, so obvious and so pressing that any one who has only a superficial knowledge of its history in the past year must understand and appreciate them. To contend that the number of men who sufficed to police her domain before the last war is sufficient to meet the demands of the country, under the changed conditions, is as absurd as it would be to assert that a man can be sustained on an infant's nourishment.

The little Americans who have expended so much valuable time in the House, arguing against the proposed increase of the Army, remind one of the story told of an old Puritan farmer. He lived in the days before people had learned that only fools are always consistent, and, when he once laid down a rule, he followed it.

To his children he allowed one new suit of clothes a year, and under no circumstances were they permitted another until the twelve months were up. When his eldest son was about fourteen years old he purchased that suit at the usual time in January. But the lad had reached a period when boys grow quicker than weeds, and before the end of six months this youngster shot out of the suit. His legs came below the trousers, his arms stuck out of his sleeves grotesquely, and the coat would not button across his broadened chest by some six inches. Let down and piece to the utmost of her ability, his mother was unable to make it sufficiently large to cover the growing young giant. He appealed to his father for a new suit, but in vain.

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"You will get your suit next winter, my son," said he.

"What am I going to do in the meantime?" asked the son.

"I don't know, unless you go to bed until you shrink!" suggested the father.

This is perhaps what those good people who oppose an increase of the Army would like to do with their country,—put her to bed until she shrinks, so that a larger Army will not be necessary. But shrinking has been against the policy of the United States since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. From the day of her first settlements until now she has gone on expanding, and she will doubtless continue to expand until the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel is heard throughout the land.

Some of the opponents of the bill say that had Dewey never landed, had no troops been sent to the Philippines, we should not now be involved in our present predicament. One might as well go back to the time of Adam, and say that if Eve had not taken the apple there would be no sin in the world.

What good to prate against expansion now? To call upon the ghosts of the fathers of the country to protest against it? In the words of the old negro who was asked, before Congress had taken any action in the matter, what he thought of expansion, "'Tain't no use to talk 'bout 'spansion now; we'se dun 'spanded."

New conditions demand new measures. The present duty is to provide for the guarding of the country proper, and to protect the children she has recently adopted. The Evacuation Committee estimated that 50,000 troops would be necessary to meet the situation in Cuba alone. But the conditions have changed since this report was made.

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It will, however, require at least ten or fifteen thousand men for an indefinite length of time to protect that country. The Cubans, it must be remembered, have always been ruled by force. They are not educated up to American standards, and cannot be in a day. Force sufficient to show that the Government can insist upon her demands, that she can enforce law and order, is imperative. A very small number of troops could not do this, and riots and bloodshed would result.

In Porto Rico two thousand men will be needed. The Porto Ricans received us with open arms. There is no doubt about their delight at becoming citizens of the United States, but there are many conditions not evident on the surface which will make it necessary for the Governor of this island to be able to sustain his authority, if necessary, by the Army.

The problems confronting us are in no wise different from those that England, France, Germany and other countries having colonial possessions are compelled to meet, and it is unreasonable to think for an instant that an entirely new plan regarding the governing of our new possessions, especially by a people who have had no experience on these lines, can be put into operation.

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No practical soldier will admit that war can be carried on without artillery. It is as necessary as other branches of the service, and artillery cannot be put in the field in a day. To make it efficient requires the hard and patient drilling impossible when a country is at war.

The occurrences of the past few weeks have surely made it evident that we shall need a large force in the Philippines, at least 30,000 men. The climate and manner of living there varying so radically from what the American soldiers are accustomed to, they will be unable to remain many years without becoming debilitated.

A reserve force of about thirty thousand infantry and fifteen thousand cavalry, such as England has for India and Egypt, must therefore be held at home to change with these men. This force could police the country and be used as a home Army, forming a reserve while here.

It is also necessary that the coast defenses should be properly armed. They will require about twenty-seven thousand men to properly handle the guns, and this in time of peace as well as in time of war.

The United States has already spent over sixty millions of dollars in coast defenses, and before these defenses are finished probably over a hundred millions will have been spent. If these guns are not properly cared for after they are put in place the injury resulting will cost the Government more than the original expenditure. It is most necessary, therefore, that the Army should be large enough to provide for this demand.

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Little Americans may contend in Congress or in the press that the United States does not need an Army, that it is a needless expense, that it savors of monarchism; demagogues may advance whatever theory pleases them, but tersely told the fact remains: we need men to protect our new acquisitions; we need men to take care of our coast defenses; we need men to make artillery available in event of war; we need men to maintain an Army on such a footing that we can hold our heads up among the nations of the earth, demand our just rights, and enforce them.

It is a trite but a wise saying, and has been attributed to many men, that the best way to maintain peace is to prepare for war. Although it is to be hoped that we may never become involved with our foreign neighbors, it is a wise precaution to equip an Army that will enable us to follow a line of conduct without regard to what the nations of the earth may think, and to be fearless of their interference because we are protected against it.

There should be enough men available in the Regular Army to make a good first fighting line,—at least one hundred thousand. No nation, unless it be our mother, England, could land a larger force, and such a line could take the brunt of the battle until the volunteers came to their relief.

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It is said that an Army of a hundred thousand men would engender a spirit of militarism, and that the dearest rights of the people would be subverted by domestic rather than foreign foes. Among a population of eighty millions how so small a number of men could engender a spirit of militarism is a question that only a demagogue can answer.

There are, perhaps, a hundred thousand butchers in the United States, a hundred thousand bakers, a hundred thousand candlestick makers, and yet none of these professions has colored the complexion of the country. There are more than a hundred thousand policemen; would it be well to abolish them because of a fear that the people might bow down to brass buttons?

Shortly after I came to Congress it became evident to me, through reading the reports of the Secretaries of War since Grant's time, that a reorganization of the Army was imperative. For years back the commanding Generals of the Army, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield, had advocated it, and their arguments were uncontrovertible.

It is not necessary to go deeply into the reason for this reorganization; suffice it, that the methods of fighting are entirely different from what they were forty years ago, when the troops would move so near to each other as almost to engage in a hand-to-hand struggle before they would fire. The breech-loading rifles of to-day shoot two miles, the shells are sent a much longer distance, and the system known as the "close formation" was demonstrated by the Franco-Prussian war as dead. If these tactics were followed now, the modern guns would kill every person engaged in a battle.

HON. JOHN A. T. HULL

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For years I endeavored to have Congress undertake a reorganization, but could not procure a hearing until war with Spain threatened. My plan was to have a small Army in time of peace, formed on the best models, and capable of expansion from within in time of war. In this way the raw recruit would touch shoulders with the trained soldier, and all, under experienced and efficient officers, would give to the nation an effective force to defend her in time of danger.

The original bill was generally popular in Congress, and would have passed but for the hostility of the so-called National Guard, who succeeded in securing modifications which seriously affected its efficiency.

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While the Reorganization bill and the so-called Volunteer bill, in reality war measures, are a great improvement over what we have had before, and answered every purpose during the war, it has been demonstrated in the most practical way that these measures were, in many respects, faulty. By the provision reducing the Army on the proclamation of peace, both in officers and privates, to its exact number previous to the beginning of hostilities with Spain, the hands of the President were tied.

Since he could not conscript the troops necessities might demand, the old question suggested itself,—how could we look out for our new possessions, how could we man our coast defenses and protect our country with the force that for years back had been hardly adequate to police it? If it could scarcely maintain authority at home, where would be found men available for duty abroad?

The measure known as the Hull bill endeavored to correct the mistakes made in the first bill and to meet the demands of the country at the present moment. It provided for the infantry organization, three battalions for each regiment, and fixed the maximum of a company at one hundred and forty-five, while heretofore the maximum in infantry companies has not exceeded one hundred and six. The maximum in the Hull bill, less than the minimum of the great nations of the world, was adopted with the object of preserving the efficiency of the organization, while making it more economical in officers than a smaller unit would be.

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In order to obviate the objections to a large Army the minimum was fixed so that, in the discretion of the President, it could in time of peace be reduced to less than fifty thousand men and yet preserve the organization intact, and be expanded in time of war to the fighting force of substantially one hundred thousand men.

There was little change made in the cavalry organization, one hundred being found in the experience of the world to be about the most suitable number, but a radical change was made in the artillery by abolishing the regimental organization in the coast defenses and substituting corps organization. The regimental organizations were not practicable, as it is impossible to move the guns after they are emplaced, and the company organization is the only one applying to them.

It will require some eighteen thousand men to give one relief for the guns that will be in place by the thirtieth of June next. As above noted, the Government is expending millions of dollars in the costly work of protecting our seaport cities, and it is a wicked waste of money unless a sufficient number of men are supplied to properly care for them. The artillery is becoming more and more a scientific branch of the service, and, with the disappearing guns and other improvements that go to make up a sea-coast defense, it is necessary to have our artillerymen thoroughly educated in order to render them effective.

Another faulty feature of the bill passed last spring was the inadequate staff it provided. The war demonstrated the fact that the Government was weaker in its staff than in its line, and was compelled to depend upon hundreds of men from civil life to properly provide for the Army. The Hull bill increased the Army in all its departments, and arranged for a corps of men ready to serve the Government in time of need.

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The idea that it is a large Army is absurd, and the fear expressed by some that an Army of even a hundred thousand men, recruited from and officered by men representing every Congressional district in the United States, is a menace to the nation, is obviously ridiculous.

The expense of makeshift legislation is clearly shown by the bill passed by Congress at its last session. The men now in the Army are entitled to discharge when peace is finally declared, and the Government is put to great expense in giving them travel pay and clothing on discharge and in recruiting new men to take their places, with all the expense of sending them to the regiments with which they are to serve.

The bill as proposed by the Democratic party to extend the provisions of the present law to June 30, 1900, would only reenact the foolish provisions passed by Congress in April last. And when the time should come, as fixed in law, it would be impossible to retain the men, no matter what the necessities of the Government might be.

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The Compromise Senate bill, which is intended by its authors to create a temporary Army only, is full of inconsistencies, and no one can organize an Army under it without violating some of its provisions. It makes the maximum companies after 1901 so small that it would be impossible to organize an effective Army on such a basis. To see that forty-three privates and twenty-five commissioned and non-commissioned officers to a company is an improper organization does not require a military expert. Under this arrangement there would be no one on the fighting line.

The provision contracting the Army to not over twenty-nine thousand on the first day of July, 1901, reduces it below the number necessary for the barest needs of the country, unless we entirely abandon our coast defenses, and even then it would be impossible to police the country and hold any of our island possessions with so small a force.

The places of the additional officers provided for by the act cannot be filled by Regular Army officers, for the reason that the same provision provides that on the first day of July, 1901, every office created by this act shall terminate and all the officers be mustered out. A Regular Army officer would not be inclined to take a position that would force him back to civil life in two years, unless Congress should, in the mean time, repeal the provision. It is important, in my opinion, that we should have additional legislation, but it is by no means certain that it will be passed.

AMERICAN BRAINS IN LONDON

By Robert Barr

FIRST PAPER

THE NIGHT SCHOOL FOR AUTHORS

LONDON is a huge magnet which attracts, and always has attracted, authors from the four quarters of the English-speaking world. Metropolis and author have a sort of candle-and-moth relationship, were the simile not so trite and inadequate.

One summer evening I was dining on the upper balcony of a hotel facing the Moselle River in Germany. For many days I had dined thus out-of-doors, and the view over the placid river to the dark, castle-crowned heights opposite was pleasant. But this particular evening there came trouble in the shape of large, pure white moths, so numerous that the scene resembled a snow-storm. The moths tumbled into everything, and made life unbearable.

"It is all right," said the hotel keeper soothingly; "they will be cleared away in a few hours."

The villagers were piling up a huge heap of brushwood at the edge of the river, and in a short time fire was set to it, soon to illuminate the hills and throw a red glare on the mirror of the water.

The events that followed baffle description. Down the valley and up the valley came two dense clouds of moths, meeting and dissolving in the flames. Out of the darkness, east and west, they poured in one continuous torrent, so inestimable in number that the beating of their wings sounded like the roar of a railway train.

Before long the replenishers of the fire, carrying brushwood, had to plow their way knee-deep through quivering drifts of moths, and by midnight there was not a living moth in the Moselle Valley, for similar fires had been lighted all the way from Treves to Coblenz.

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It seemed frightfully cruel, but it was perhaps necessary, although how Nature restored the balance thus thrown off its pivot by such wholesale destruction I must leave naturalists to determine. All next day the peasants were shoveling the moths into the river, and feasting fishes were leaping up into the air through the floating masses. This Moselle bonfire seemed to me typical of London; but the great city consumes continually, and not for one night only.

I have often tried to discover the secret of the charm of London to the writer. Perhaps the moth doesn't know why it rushes into the bonfire, and perhaps the unknown author would be puzzled to give a sane reason for his incursion to the metropolis.

In any one point except mere size, London is hopelessly beaten by other capitals. Its Parliament buildings have nothing of the stately grandeur of the Capitol at Washington; Saint Paul's is overshadowed both in bulk and beauty by Saint Peter's at Rome; its courts of justice do not compare in site or structure with the new buildings of a like nature in Brussels; no opera house it possesses can touch those of Paris or Vienna; it has no city hall like that of Philadelphia; and Hyde Park is a croquet lawn beside the romantic beauty of Fairmount; it has no street of palaces like Fifth Avenue, and no majestic vista like the Champs-Élysées.

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Its streets are, as a rule, narrow, mean, dingy and muddy; its climate is occasionally detestable. An American speculator, if permitted, would put up one building with half a dozen elevators that would house every office at present bordering Fleet Street and the Strand; yet London is London, and its fascination is as real as the secret of it is evasive.

"Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," says, in plain letters, an inscription on a plain stone slab in one of the quiet courts of the Temple, and here, to my mind, lies at least part of the secret of London's enchantment.

It is not the busy metropolis we go to see; it is the City of Gigantic Ghosts. In the possession of one house London is supreme,—the silent, narrow house of the grave. The ancient Abbey is the beautiful carven tombstone of many; the shrine of the patron saints of the successful. The squalid, three-story house in Brooke Street, on the other hand, may be taken as one of the numerous shrines of the patron saint of the defeated, for in its miserable attic Chatterton, not yet eighteen years of age, hurried starvation with arsenic. He was one of the singed moths who, nevertheless, left an immortal record behind him.

"I still live" were the last words of Webster; and so, in effect, might all the great dead say. It is not the material London that casts its spell over us,—it is the London of the imagination; the London made vivid for us by Charles Dickens, so that when we come upon it in reality it is like visiting an old home, a place in which our spirit has walked before our actual footsteps echoed from its real pavements; the London of Charles Lamb; the London of Oliver Goldsmith; the London of Doctor Johnson. I never meet a fat man coming up Fleet Street but I think of burly Samuel Johnson, dictatorial, positive, browbeating, usually wrong, as he was about the American Revolution.

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"Why, sir," said Doctor Johnson, "you find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, sir; when a man is tired of London he is tired of life."

The spirit in which an American author visits London is delightfully depicted by Nathaniel Hawthorne, writing in 1855 of his first experiences in the metropolis.

"MONEY OR YOUR LIFE," SAYS JUDAS

"Yesterday afternoon," he says, "I went out alone and plunged headlong into London, and wandered about all day without any particular object in view, but only to lose myself for the sake of finding myself unexpectedly among things that I had always read and dreamed about."

But the American is a practical man, and there is another reason that lures him to London. Literary success here means literary success throughout the whole English-speaking world. Literary success in New York does not necessarily include England. A tremendous boom in America,—as, for instance, the vogue of Trilby or Quo Vadis,—certainly echoes to some extent in Britain; but in these two cases it evoked wonderment rather than imitation.

I think that this is a condition of things that will right itself in the near future. There is a rising in the United States of the "new editor" and the "new publisher," and as fortune is awaiting each, a financial crisis will doubtless soon overtake those who have been overshadowed by traditions, preferring a foolish article written by a great man to a notable piece of work produced by an unknown.

The day of the unknown is dawning in America, and I should have liked to have seen it accelerated by a proper use of the Spanish-American war. "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him!" shouted the gamin when they threatened to throw an obnoxious person over the gallery in a theatre. So the movement on Cuba should not have been allowed to slip past without sending a coterie of the old-fogy editors and publishers to the front, in the hope that yellow fever would get them if they escaped the bullet.

And now, if I may wedge in a little bit of advice to the American literary aspirant who thinks of coming to make his mark in London, I would say to him that the most important point is to tie a cord to himself, the loose end of which is in America, with a friendly hand there to haul him back, if drowning threatens.

Hawthorne had his consulate in Liverpool, Lowell had his legation in London, Harold Frederic had a good salary from the New York Times, others had private incomes of their own; but the case of a man who comes, like Chatterton, with no resources except such as he can pick up in the literary market, is indeed desperate, even though, like Chatterton, he possesses the highest genius.

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The gambler, going from Nice to Monte Carlo, always takes a return ticket, no matter how much money he possesses, so that he may at least get home again; indeed, on the train that leaves Nice about noon the ticket-seller never thinks of supplying a single ticket, but will quite automatically throw you out a return as soon as you mention Monte Carlo.

If, then, the American has a return ticket over the ocean, I will tell him how cheaply it is possible to live in London. At the municipal boarding-houses he can get a room and bed, both as small as possible, but the latter with clean sheets, for eight cents a night. This includes the right to a hot or cold bath, the use of a large reading-room, and the privilege of cooking a rasher of bacon or herring on the municipal stove.

It is, in fact, a sort of club; the company may not be as select as at the Reform or the Carleton, but you will meet more characters out of Dickens' novels there than at the West End institutions I have named. You may cook your own breakfast in the morning, but if you are proud and haughty, wishing to go it and hang the expense, you can have a chunk of bread and a cup of coffee at Lockhart's for two cents which is filling and satisfying. The Lockhart coffee-houses are all over London.

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For a mid-day meal there is nothing so succulent as a "saveloy," which is sausage and mashed potatoes. This can be bought anywhere for from four to six cents. As a heavy meal at night is not to be recommended, four hot baked potatoes, with a dash of salt thrown in, can be had for two cents. Thus you may live in London on eighteen cents a day. Of course it may be done cheaper than that, but I am taking it for granted that you want to live well.

The next step below the Municipal Lodging Establishment is the Salvation Army shelters, and the next again is the Doss House, where beds in a common room, mattresses on the floor, cost from two cents a night upward. Bed-rock is reached by sleeping under an archway, or on the Thames Embankment, or in the parks, but there you are apt to have broken rest on account of dodging the policemen who will rouse you up and make you move on.

A night or two on the Embankment has come to be looked upon as part of the education of a literary man in London,—The Hotel of the Beautiful Star, as David Christie Murray calls it,—and I deeply regret that it is impossible for me to give an account of its airy accommodation from personal experience. Murray spent four nights there, and went four days hungry. He tells about meeting four distinguished men of letters in the Savage Club, all of whom confessed to having been guests of the Beautiful Star.

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I was dining one night with a literary coterie in London when the talk turned toward early hardships, and I felt quite out of the game, as nearly every one present recounted incidents of crawling under bushes before the parks were closed at night, and huddling close to avoid pokes from sticks that the police thrust through the thickets to discover any concealed tenants. I put down on the table before me a golden half-sovereign and said:

"Gentlemen, I believe these thrilling recitals are largely brag; nevertheless, while we are here reveling in luxury there is no doubt that many poor wretches are now on the benches of the Embankment. I propose, therefore, that each man change half a sovereign into ten shillings; that we appoint a treasurer to whom the fund is to be delivered; that if there is one among us who can write he be chosen secretary; that we proceed now to the Embankment and give every person there a shilling, on the sole condition that he tells his name to the secretary; that the secretary write these names down, and that these names be placed in the archives of this club, and referred to at a similar dinner five years from to-night, to see if we have shillinged a Shakespeare."

This was hilariously agreed to, gold was changed into silver by the waiters, and the bag handed to a celebrated novelist whom we named Judas *pro tem.*, and we set out for the Embankment, beginning at Blackfriars Bridge and working our way to the Houses of Parliament, going west, like the Star of Empire.

I don't suppose we raked in one true name, and that knocked in the head my project at the very outset. They were all Smiths or Joneses or Robinsons. Under protest, one man obligingly changed his first appellation from Thompson to Jackson, but this was too evidently a desire to please a crowd of generous persons whose unexpected liberality he could not understand.

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Our third victim,—John Smith,—a veteran, tried to escape with the shilling in his fist.

"Name, name," demanded the secretary.

"What time is it?" cried the breathless man.

"About a quarter after midnight."

"Then strike me blind," he protested indignantly, "why do you stand there asking foolish questions when you know the 'pubs' will close in quarter of an hour, and it will take me a good ten minutes to get to the nearest one? Well, my name's John Smith, if you will 'ave it."

And with this he broke through the ring and bolted for a dram-shop, locally termed a "pub,"—short for "public-house."

The sequel to this was rather remarkable, although we have never had the dinner we promised ourselves,—so remarkable, indeed, that in a work of fiction the incident would be useless; no novelist except Dickens would dare use so striking a coincidence. There are things happening every day which the intelligent public would not stand in a work of the imagination, as being too absurd for probability.

There was a young fellow from one of the interior towns of New York who drifted to London and began his race with starvation. I helped him out somewhat (I may explain that my connection with the Detroit Free Press, which for the past eighteen years has been printed and published in London, sooner or later brought every starving American to my door, the name of the paper being so well known in both continents), but at last he disappeared and I often wondered if he had gone under. However, I got from him, at last, an invitation to lunch at an expensive restaurant, and I learned that he had gone north to Edinburgh, and there met with the success that had been denied him in London.

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When we were talking over the trials of the past I said to him:

"And did *you* ever get so low down that you had to sleep on the Embankment?"

"Did I? Well, I should say I did! And I'll tell you a funny thing that happened to me there one night, that I have never got any one to believe, but I give you my word it's true. It's like a section out of Robert Louis Stevenson's New Arabian Nights. I got a soft spot on a bench near Westminster Bridge, but the police kept moving me on and on, until at last, working from seat to seat, I got over the line into the city, where I

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Night School for Authors is the first of two papers written especially for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The second paper, The Graduates of the Night School, will appear in the next issue.

was left alone. Perhaps you are not aware that the city police are much easier on a penniless wayfarer than the metropolitan police?"

"That is a well-known fact," I replied. "I have seen a procession of Socialists marching up the Embankment carefully escorted to the boundary by the city police, and the moment the procession with its banners crossed the line the metropolitan police fell on them and dispersed them like scraps of paper before a high wind. Go on."

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"Well, about midnight, when I had fallen into a doze, I was roused by a hand on my shoulder and thought I was in their clutches again. But it wasn't a bobby. 'Give me your name and I'll give you a shilling,' said the man. I looked up and saw a lot of fellows as drunk as lords."

"No, no," I protested; "not drunk; just jolly."

"You listen. I tell you they were not only drunk; they were crazy. You wait till you hear how I held 'em up."

Thinks I to myself, "This wasn't our crowd. *We* weren't held up."

"All right, go on," I said aloud.

"Well, this fellow planks down a shilling in my palm; I thought at first it must be bogus, but it felt like good money. I slipped it into my pocket. 'Your name, please,' said the giver, pretending he could write. 'Brown,' says I; 'Jimmy Brown.' 'Thanks,' says he. Oh, they were as polite as pie; you've seen fellows in that condition. 'Look here,' I said, 'ain't you going to give me the shilling you promised?' Then you ought to have heard the outcry. 'Give up the silver, Judas,' 'Don't rook the man,' 'I knew Judas was going to try and make money out of this,' and all that sort of thing. Judas apologized in abject fashion, and forked over another shilling, which made two.

"Congratulating myself on this bonanza,—I was actually starving,—my first instincts were to rush for something to eat, but the strange behavior of these men made me pause in the middle of the street and look back at them. I saw they were paying the next man, and all at once my commercial instincts showed me, hungry as I was, that here was a gang of Britishers with more money than they knew what to do with, who could be worked, and I resolved to mine the lode while it lasted.

"I cut round and got on the next bench. 'Name and address,' said the fellow a moment later. 'Smith, of Smithfield,' says I. 'Here's a shilling for you. God bless you.' Off I goes round a semi-circle again, on to the next bench. 'Money or your life,' says Judas. 'No, no, I mean your name, and I'll give you your life,—I beg pardon,—a shilling.' 'White, of Whitechapel,' says I and got my fourth shilling. Well, I worked that racket on the boys till I accumulated sixteen shillings,—four dollars,—as I'm a sinner, and they never knew it."

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"Hold on," I said; "I don't believe that there are sixteen benches all along the Embankment."

"Oh, the moment I realized the kind of silver mine I had struck I didn't depend on the benches. I met 'em now and then between the seats, and began to moan about having no home to go to, which was true enough, and then it was name and a shilling. When the deputation got up to Westminster Bridge they embraced each other, some tried to sing 'Rule Britannia,' and one or two 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' but the police stopped that and they scattered, howling for hansoms.

"With all that money in my pocket I found every place closed and I couldn't get a bite, but I got a bed, and next day struck north and got my first job at Nottingham. Now I suppose you don't believe that yarn?"

"Well, frankly, you know——"

"Of course, of course. Nobody does. But I tell you there's lots of things happening in London that *you* don't know anything about."

Which was quite true.

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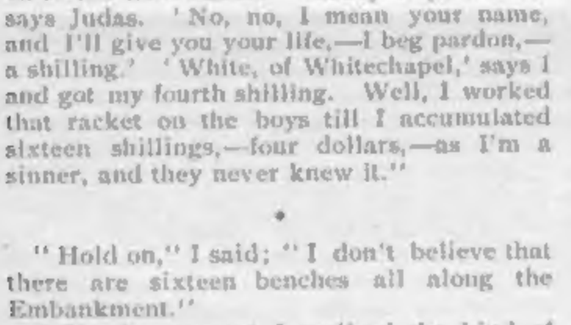

by Jessie Vivien Kerr

HUSHABY, sweetheart, the stars are all sleeping,
Scarcely a twinkle, so softly they rest;
Never a flower from its slumber is peeping;
The ships are asleep on the dark ocean's breast;
The rosebuds sink to sleep in the darkness,
And each little bird in its nest.

Hushaby, baby, the hyacinths' faces
Are drooping and dreaming the whole night through;
The fair lily sleeps in her cobweb laces
And sparkling jewels of gleaming dew;
The moon is in a cloudy cradle
And star-fringed blankets of blue.

Oh, some little babies are softly sleeping,
Sheltered under the warm green sod,
And some sad mothers are bitterly weeping
For fair little souls at home with God;
But thou'rt with thy mother, my own little baby,
And safe in the realm of Nod.

—*Womankind.*

The New Armies of the United States

In its closing days Congress adopted a compromise measure for the reorganization of the Army, which contained several features of the bills that had been under consideration with some strict limitations imposed by amendments in the Senate.

The bill authorizes an Army of 65,000 Regulars, the same as established last spring as a war measure, and 35,000 Volunteers, the last to be enlisted for a term of two years and four months. Assuming that all necessity for a large standing Army will have passed, this joint Army of 100,000 men is to be reduced to 27,000 on July 1, 1901.

During this period the Regular Army may consist of ten regiments of cavalry, seven of artillery and twenty-five of infantry, and the Volunteer Army of three regiments of cavalry and twenty-seven of infantry. In the infantry the number of enlisted men authorized for each company is sixty-five instead of the former Regular Army force of 106.

Although as satisfactory as most compromise measures, the new bill does not go as far as the Administration desired, and has many serious defects. At best it is a temporary expedient for which the country may be devoutly thankful, especially as it seemed for several weeks that no practical reorganization was possible.

Nearing the Final Act for the Re-establishment of Peace

The Spanish Cortes has formally authorized the cession of the Philippine Islands to the United States by the narrow vote of 120 to 118; the American Congress has appropriated $20,000,000 to pay Spain for them, and at the time of writing all that remained to bring the war to a legal termination was the ratification of the treaty by the Queen Regent.

In view of the small majority for the Government on the bill to cede the Philippines, Señor Sagasta tendered the resignation of his Cabinet, and a new one was formed by Señor Silvela, the Conservative leader. It was agreed that the situation warranted a dissolution of the Cortes and a new election, under which a new Chamber of Deputies would assemble in May.

It is not believed that the Cabinet crisis will in any way affect the vitality of the treaty, for its text, in deference to the wishes of the Spanish Commissioners, placed on the Queen Regent the sole ratifying authority, and the two countries have till June 10 to exchange their ratifications.

How the Fifty-fifth Congress Appropriated the People's Money

In the three sessions of the Fifty-fifth Congress the appropriations exceeded in amount those of the original "billion-dollar Congress,"—the Fifty-first,—exclusive of the total expenses of the war.

The entire appropriations amounted to $1,566,890,016, of which $482,562,083 was on account of the war, and $1,084,327,632 was for the ordinary purposes of the Government. Besides this great total, contracts were authorized to be paid from future appropriations amounting to about $70,000,000.

Eight items alone called for an increase of nearly forty millions, and nearly every branch of the civil service was given more money than formerly. Large as was the ultimate total, it was many millions less than what the various departments and bureaus had estimated as necessary for the public service.

A Continuous Railroad from New York to Buenos Ayres

The dream of Cecil Rhodes of a continuous British railway "from Cairo to the Cape" has a counterpart in the United States, where a trunk line from New York to Buenos Ayres, with branches to run to all the Latin States, has been pronounced entirely feasible.

For more than nine years an Inter-Continental Railway Commission has been studying the problem of a trunk line that would connect the United States with Mexico and the Central and South American Republics, for the double purpose of promoting commerce and peace. Under an appropriation by the United States Congress, surveying for a route was begun at Ayutla, on the southern border of Mexico, where the railroad systems of the United States would be connected with the projected trunk line by an extension of the Mexico City railroad to the border.

The entire main line would follow the axis of the Cordilleras from Ayutla to Lake Titicaca; then pass to the east of the Andes range, utilizing lines already built or projected to Huanchaca in Bolivia; and extend through every State of Central America and all the Pacific coast States of South America excepting Chili, whose coast towns would be connected by branch roads.

The all-rail route between New York and Buenos Ayres would be 10,228 miles, of which nearly half is now built, and the estimated cost of the remainder is $174,290,271.

American Protectorate Over German Interests in the Philippines

In diplomatic circles, the act of the German Government, in withdrawing her warships from Philippine waters and placing all German people and interests on the islands under the protection of the American Government, is regarded as the strongest evidence of the friendly attitude of Germany toward the United States.

Additional strength is given to this belief by the appointment of Prince Henry, brother of the Emperor, to the command of the East Asiatic Squadron, and what is more significant yet, by the concessions the German Government has made to American commerce.

The promotion of Prince Henry, who is personally popular among American naval officers, is practically a disapproval of the peculiar course pursued by Admiral von Diederichs at Manila last summer; and the changed commercial attitude indicates that the restrictive policy of a few months ago has been recognized as a dangerous expediency.

The Game of Baseball as a Reconciling Agency in Cuba

In the process of Americanizing Santiago, that most progressive of Cuban cities has let go of old customs and taken up with the new with surprising grace. In its religious life, it listened a few Sundays ago to the first sermon ever delivered there in the English language.

The most radical change, however, has taken place in its amusement and sportive life. What a thorough acquiescence there is in the new order of things is shown in the people abandoning their ancient national sport of bull-fighting, and growing enthusiastic over the novelty of horse-racing and the great American game of baseball!

Bull-fighting was suppressed soon after the American occupation, and the sports that were introduced in its place were the first of their kind ever seen on the island. The first observance of Washington's birthday in Santiago was thus fittingly made a purely American day, and the oldest inhabitants unhesitatingly declared the new sports more interesting and exciting than the old.

Planning to Unite the Two Oceans at Nicaragua

While none of the schemes for constructing an isthmian canal reached a decisive stage in Congress, a compromise on this long-pending legislation was reached which may be considered the foremost step that has yet been taken toward the actual work of construction.

With a fund of $1,000,000 placed at his disposal, the President was authorized to cause a thorough investigation to be made concerning routes, the work already done on them, their probable cost, and the cost of acquiring necessary rights and franchises. He may employ Army or civil engineers to aid him, and fix their compensation.

The passage of the compromise bill showed that both Houses of Congress shared the popular belief that such a waterway had become a national necessity. The pressure of business and the extraordinary appropriations of the last session prevented more than this practical recognition of the project.

Congress Fixes the Standing of Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley

The part of the new naval personnel bill in which the public will doubtless take the keenest interest is that which fixes the status of Rear-Admirals Sampson and Schley. On July 1 last the former headed the list of Captains, with the rank of Rear-Admiral while commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, and the latter was ninth on the list of Commodores.

Both officers were appointed Rear-Admirals by the President for distinguished services, Sampson ranking fourth and Schley fifth in that grade, and the former thus became superior to his former superior. Congress, however, failed to sanction the Presidential advancement, and Schley again became superior to Sampson by actual rank.

Under the personnel bill, both officers were promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and Commodore Schley naturally became the superior of Captain Sampson. The advanced rank of Schley also brought him in the first class of nine Rear-Admirals, who rank with Major-Generals, and placed Sampson in the second class, who rank with Brigadier-Generals.

Schley is thus ahead of Sampson in degree of grade and in sea and land pay, as well as in corresponding Army rank.

Our Naval Personnel as Reorganized by Congress

A new Navy has been built and gloriously tested since Congress first undertook to reorganize the personnel of the service, and the completion of the task in the last session of the Fifty-fifth Congress brought about many changes which naval authorities have long advocated.

The new personnel bill provides for a general increase of salaries through all grades; transfers the engineers to the line; gives the staff positive instead of relative rank; abolishes the grade of Commodore; increases the number of officers in the Navy proper and in the Marine Corps, and extends important privileges to the enlisted men.

As reorganized the personnel now comprises an Admiral tentatively; eighteen instead of six Rear-Admirals, the first nine corresponding in rank and receiving the emoluments of Major-Generals in the Army, and the second nine of Brigadier-Generals; 70 Captains; 112 Commanders; 170 Lieutenant-Commanders; 300 Lieutenants; 95 Junior Lieutenants, and 112 Ensigns.

Chiefs of bureaus now have the rank and receive the pay of Rear-Admirals, instead of Commodores, while holding such appointments, and rapid promotion is made possible by annual compulsory retirements.

North Dakota Legislates a Great Industry Out of Existence

It is a rare thing for a State Legislature to knowingly destroy a productive local industry, yet that of North Dakota has put an end to one worth half a million dollars a year to its principal cities. At this cash sacrifice the State has already made a huge advance in the best estimation of the public.

The act provides that after July 1 next it shall be necessary for a person to live in the State for at least twelve months in order to acquire a legal residence. Heretofore three months only were necessary, and under that limitation hundreds of variously distressed husbands and wives sought North Dakota as the shortest and speediest road to divorce.

As only the class who were able to spend money freely were able to afford even the three months' "trip out West," the divorce colony has long been a very gainful benefit to local tradesmen, and it was because of the large expenditures made by those visitors that the better element of the community was unable to secure an earlier change in the law.

American Collegiate Education for the Youth of Cuba and Porto Rico

General Joseph Wheeler's suggestion, that the representative colleges and universities of the United States should undertake, free of charge, the advanced education of selected candidates from among the youth of Cuba, has already met with responses that insure the success of his plan.

Nearly 300 institutions of various grades have each agreed to give free tuition to two Cuban students for four years. Candidates must be able to meet the requirements for admission, and, that the instruction be not regarded in the light of a charity, provide their own board and clothing.

It is interesting to note, also, that as soon as news of what American colleges were willing to do for the youth of Cuba reached Porto Rico, many influential residents hastened to seek a like privilege for the bright boys and girls of that island.

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The Men Who Must Win Us the Philippines

WHILE statesmen are contradicting one another by explaining what can and can not be done by American arms and ideas in the Philippines, every one seems to ignore the personal influence which, in all ages, has been more potent for acquisition, civilization and peace than the greatest of soldiers and politicians. It is that of the trader.

In one sense it is true that "trade follows the flag"; in a larger sense the flag follows trade. Phœnician traders, not the leaders of Roman armies, first brought the barbarians of Gaul, the Spanish Peninsula and the British Isles in touch with civilization. Later, while all Europe north of the Apenines and the Danube was a land of barbarians, traders from far-away Persia and India made their way through warring tribes to the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea; they never attempted conquest nor used force, but trusted to the human sense of curiosity, which in all primitive countries makes welcome the stranger who has anything new to tell, to show or to sell.

In our own country the individual trader has done more than the soldiers and missionaries to bring whites and Indians into amicable relations; for hundreds of years he and his fellows have passed unharmed from the border to the tribes, and even between warring tribes; it was only the larger traders, selling whisky, carrying arms and intent on land-grabbing, with whom the Indians came to blows.

Apparently the wants of the greater part of the Philippine people are few and simple; the entire trade of the islands with America and Europe does not equal the business of an American city of the second class. On the other hand, it is known that thousands of Chinese traders are in the islands, tramping where they like, and without molestation by even the wildest and most suspicious tribes. What the Chinese have done Americans can do, unless our species of individual trader has become extinct,—a possibility not to be imagined.

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The blood of the old-time Yankee peddler still courses in the veins of thousands of men with more wits than money. It was the trader of this class who created among the simple people of our own early national period the desires which have made the luxuries of old the necessities of to-day, and stimulated much indolent human nature to work harder that new desires might be gratified. He created new demands, and thus prepared the way for larger trade and higher civilization, just as the Phœnicians and later traders did in early Europe. His presence and his business in the Philippines would familiarize all classes of the natives with the American face and manner,—a face and manner that have made their way among people quite as suspicious and mean as any Filipinos. He would carry what the people want, and remove only what they would willingly part with; would that as much could be said for soldiers and statesmen.

We shall need missionaries and soldiers in the Philippines, but to disarm suspicion, to familiarize the people with us, to divert their energies from war to peace, to create demand and trade, and gradually to civilize the entire Philippine people, we shall need an army of traders of the class in which we once abounded, and who in industry, courage, honesty and tact have never been excelled by their class in any other part of the world. —JOHN HARBERTON.

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The White House and Washington

THE average conception of "Washington society" takes the shape of a wheel,—the White House forming the hub and the Cabinet officers and other officials the spokes, which, radiating in different directions, inclose within their lines and the outer rim all the rest. Now, such an idea might have fairly represented the state of things in the "good old times," when Washington was literally the home of the Government and the home of very little besides; when the President, his Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, the two branches of Congress, a few families from Georgetown, Alexandria and the country roundabout, a sprinkling of strangers politically or socially related to the official world and some visitors of distinction constituted society, and when the White House could, if it so desired, receive and entertain everybody at once with considerable room to spare!

Traveling was then a difficult and expensive matter, and even office-seekers often pulled the wires by proxy, and besieged the Departments by letter, while the average American citizen, less restless than to-day, stayed quietly at home, content to manage his own affairs or satisfied to run the politics of his township. Nowadays, however, this parallel, which seems borrowed from the plan of the city itself, no longer suits the situation. No perfectly symmetrical figure could exactly fit that ever-changing body called "modern society," but a clearer idea of the social life of the Capital can be obtained by using a different comparison.

Somewhat like the lake of Geneva, for instance, it is an unstable body of irregular shape, here and there receiving tributaries from its official surroundings, while the White House influence, like the river Rhone, sweeps straight through it, having a perfectly distinct and separate current from its entrance to its exit. No analogy is ever quite exact, and this one is faulty in that it reverses the conduct of the Rhone, which, entering the lake quietly, leaves it in a tumult of rapids, whereas each new administration, as we know from experience, comes in with a mighty rush, only to work its way out unnoticed at the end. You may ride on this current, or you may float on either side, or you may dip your oar first in one and then into the other, but you cannot fail to notice that the waters of the lake do not freely mingle with the waters of the river, whose force does not produce a whirlpool, but merely directs a stream. In a word, the White House, that great objective point politically, does not count socially. It cannot count under present conditions, and will continue to count less and less as Washington grows and the United States expands.

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It would take too long to enumerate here the various factors that have contributed to bring about this result. But the result is patent to all Washingtonians, and the incompatibility between the exactions of society and the restrictions of the White House renders a successful union between the two more difficult every day. Society selects, sorts, combines her materials, as it were; considers tastes and weighs trifles; seeks variety in its amusements and demands uniformity in its manners. The White House, on the contrary, must receive the masses or else entertain by classes,—now the Supreme Court, now the Diplomatic Corps, and so on in groups. This inevitably tends to monotony, while even in the bigger "functions" the mixture of sets and the startling contrasts in the matter of dress afford the only variety. These customs are not arbitrary regulations. They have grown out of the necessities of the case, and, by a process of natural selection, those methods have alone survived which gave the least trouble and caused the least friction.

Given the situation, it is certain that the most successful society leader would throw up the job in a month! Pageantry belongs to Royalty and splendor becomes the palaces of Kings. We have neither, and, somehow or other, the graceful arabesques of society's art do not quite agree with the style and tone of an official residence. Dignity would suit it, but dignity is rarely popular; and the occupant of the Executive Mansion is nominated by a party and selected by the people. All we can expect is that its interior policy be conducted on the straight lines of simplicity and order. The simplicity we sometimes see; the order very seldom. The two combined would make the White House, not, indeed, the centre of the fashionable circle, but the sober and effective background to the social life of the Capital.

—FRANCIS HAMILTON.

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The True Success in Literature

DOUBTLESS it is hard for an age to understand itself or to grasp the meaning of even its largest characteristics. The blending of natural and artificial aspects is so intimate in modern human life, the spontaneous and the forced growths of a civilization are so woven together in the texture of its every social, political and artistic product, that we become confused in our reckonings, and often accept as substantial and final what is but the fleeting shadow of momentary change. This is specially true when we apply hasty judgment to any sudden movement in art, more particularly the art of letters.

The wisdom of ages, as it shines for us like a lamp of many flames, should aid us in reading current signs, and by its light some things apparently difficult should be made easy. A good critic, a true thinker, a safe judge, never for a moment loses touch with precedents. Common sense readily winnows the dust of ages down to facts of universal and imperishable value. This common-sense is the bed-rock of the whole critical formation, and upon it, stratum over stratum, lie the canons of true art approved by the test which nothing but time can give.

We are frequently told that poetry is losing its hold upon human interest, and to prove the statement it is pointed out that no poet can nowadays take the world by storm, and that the greatest popularity is but a result of advertisement. A poet's portrait set in the midst of poster colors and display type is the bush that makes his vintage attractive. But if we grant all this, it argues nothing to the point; for we are not to mistake popularity for true success. The world often goes wild over something no more permanently important than a lurid sensational event in theatricals or the publication of a poorly written, yet timely, novel.

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The saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," is but a breath of deception, as it is usually understood. In fact, nothing fails so utterly and so destructively as mere flamboyant success. Here we may lay a finger on the weak spot in the artistic organism of our day. We think too much of mere success, and not enough about the soundness, the vitality, and the permanent appeal of art. We take the moment's whim for eternal aspiration; throw away the wisdom of experience embedded in history for a waft of ephemeral folly or novelty,—a thing never yet done by a master from Homer down to Tennyson.

Nothing can be more interesting or instructive than a comprehensive glance backward over the succession of great poets; the vision is like seeing a row of immortal sentinels guarding the stream of song from its remotest fountain down to the present age. Every master stands in solid self-sufficiency and individuality; but each is of the divine succession, the heavenly kin. Not one is the offspring of a phase or a fad. He has voiced no mere popular whim; his song is universal. Even Shakespeare had to wait for the world while it took a century or two in arriving at what he signified.

There is unspeakable demoralization of art and artists in the commercial gauge of criticism. When the fact that a poet can command so many dollars a line for his work is used as the best possible advertisement, the time has come for the clink of coin to drown all the forms of fresh thought, and destroy the sweet surprises of rhythm and rhyme. "Nothing succeeds like success"; and what success takes hold of the public with the suddenness and force of money success? But when the years have done their faithful winnowing, what will be left of all this fame and gain?

Nothing succeeds, in the best sense of success, as does true art. Not artisanship, not the mere cleverness of the craftsman,—art includes these and more,—not the power to catch the moment's darling mood, can bring this success which has always crowned the work of the masters. The touch of immediate popularity rarely belongs to the very greatest genius, which indeed has usually had to sit by and see agile mediocrity win the prize of contemporary approval. But the ages have disclosed that no true art has ever perished. One line of Sappho is a perennial guaranty that in woman as in man genius is immortal and its appeal universal. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

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A Challenge to the Kindergarten

THE zealous upholders of the kindergarten have been challenged in no unfaltering terms to make good their claim to the world's grateful veneration, and it is from Boston that the challenge comes.

For many years we have accepted with mingled deference and enthusiasm this elaborate system of entertaining little children. It crossed from the old world to the new so highly recommended, and with such an air of benefaction, that we seldom presumed to question its adaptability to our needs. Now and then, perhaps, a father would be found lamenting that the old-fashioned accomplishments of reading and writing were left out of this educational scheme; and sometimes a mother would go so far as to say that an over-amused child was as unwholesomely stimulated as an over-taught child, and far more trying and troublesome. But the habitual contempt of the expert for the parent never permitted these weak expostulations to be heard in council, and the kindergarten has become a favored institution in every State of the Union

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The Atlantic Monthly for March publishes, however, the trenchant criticisms of a teacher who, working in the primary school, has had the doubtful pleasure of continuing the kindergarten child's instruction after he emerges from his three years of play. She finds him apparently less satisfactory than the neglected infant who has spent those three years in growing like a plant, and whose little mind is in a state of calm and healthy repose. The neglected one is at least unexacting; his intelligence, if he has any, is unperverted. He does not expect his teacher to simulate a volcano with cotton and alcohol, nor a geyser with an old rubber ball. He does not insist upon the multiplication table being enlivened with song and dance. He is willing to learn his letters without the stimulus of a story attached to every one. He does not, when given an apple to draw or to model, convert his sketch or his lump of clay into a bird's nest with eggs in it and take credit to himself for the inspiration. He is unused to being entertained, and still more unused to entertaining others. What he loses in alertness and in odds and ends of information he gains in the simplicity of his mental outlook, in his docile attitude, and in the healthiness of a mind unvitiated by forced sentiment or strained imaginings.

This pessimistic view of the kindergarten is at once too explicit and too urgently presented to be passed over in silence. Miss Marian Hamilton Carter has not only the courage of her convictions, but a most relentless hand in driving these convictions home. Moreover, she does not speak from the standpoint of the despised parent, but of the teacher, who is invariably sure of a hearing. If she permits herself some gentle sarcasms anent the "paper folding" and the "sewing cards," she is grave enough in reprobating the maudlin literature of the "dear cow," and "pearly snowdrop," and "My chickie's name is Cuddle" order, with which we insult the dawning intelligence of a child. Her words await an answer from the earnest patrons of the kindergarten, who believe their methods good.

—AGNES REPPLIER.

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Trade Opportunities in China

THE trade opportunities, if China is opened, are limitless. There are about 420,000,000 of people to deal with directly you open China to the world.

Trading with them is confined to the treaty ports. You can do business only in the foreign settlements. To develop China you must acquire the right of mining, the right of trading. You must get rid of the internal taxes.

Now you cannot do anything in China because of the local taxes, especially the Li-kin. These taxes are the same as if taxes were put on goods exchanged between the States here. They are taxes between provinces,—even between towns and places. They make no difference directly to the merchant, because the consumer pays these taxes; but if you put up the tariff too high the consumer cannot afford to buy the goods, and there is where the merchants suffer.

It would be impossible to estimate the proportion of trade in various lines of business which could be developed by the opening up of China. It is an absolute certainty that if you open up that country there is nothing in the world its people cannot use. At present your merchants cannot deal there freely, because your capitalists are clever and know their property is not safe under the present government.

If things continue as they are now, within five years China will go to smash. There are two difficulties. One is the internal troubles, and the other is the financial difficulties. China is the richest country on the face of the world, but she is in danger of going bankrupt. She is a rich country with a poor government, and unless something is done to redeem her she is going into bankruptcy. I believe if my proposition is adopted China can be saved.

My proposition is, that the four great trading countries,—Germany, Japan, the United States and Great Britain,—shall say to China: "We will support your integrity and enable you to have an adequate Army, not only to protect yourself, but for our own interest, because it gives us trade,—that is, on condition that you will give the open door to the trade of all nations; that you shall give equal opportunity to all."

We have fifty-five per cent. of the trade with China. I have been asked why England should not do it all. It has even been suggested that England might lend me to China to carry out this policy. I say no; because this will naturally make other countries jealous. Why not have America, Germany and Japan to help?

This suggestion has been made to the Chinese people, and I believe they are all heartily in sympathy with me.

—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to express my appreciation of the Post, and especially your editorial on Swords and Scabbards. I wonder if those who tell us that we can always adapt ourselves to circumstances and surroundings say so because they have done it themselves. How did they satisfy the craving for higher things, that yearning for the unattainable when hampered with quiet duties and among sordid lives? An inexplainable sense of waiting,—and for what? What can it hold or bring to one who has no special gifts or abilities, who is not even fitted for any work save the home duties of a commonplace life?

I thought it might be one of the illusions of youth, but now, with my youth leaving me, I feel no lessening of this old pain,—this sense of waiting which can only prove a mockery with the coming years, and makes me feel that I would gladly be willing, if I knew how, to lose it in the trivialities and petty round of cares that make up a woman's colorless and circumscribed life. Nemo

Covington, Virginia

[No, those who try to hearten us with words of hope and encouragement have not reached their ideals; they are only working toward them. They have not succeeded in making life *easy*; they have only made it *easier*. It is truly difficult to realize that the spirit with which one longs to satisfy the cravings for higher things can be consecrated to the illumination of the cares, trials and details of common things.

You remember the story of King Midas, whose touch turned all things to gold. There is a spiritual Midas touch of a sweet spirit that makes golden many of the wearied hours of waiting and of trials that seem too hard to bear. Sometimes it requires the heroic determination to think less about ourselves and more for others, less about what we can *get* and more about what we can *give*. You will never lose the pain of waiting by deadening yourself in the mere mechanical performance of daily duties. This is moral stupefaction.

Individual problems and trials require individual treatment; there is no magic formula that will cure all sorrows. Whoever proclaims that has never suffered. We can only try to raise ourselves to a maximum, growing stronger day by day, and petty cares and sorrows will then have less power over us, for we will have greater power over them.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I wish to reply to an article in the Post of February 18, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, entitled, The Path Back to Colonialism. Mr. Higginson maintains that our recent victories do not make us more self-reliant and independent, but on the contrary, only more differential to foreign opinions and traditions. He puts the question, What do we care for Europe?

Our country has expanded until it has become the greatest and most powerful nation on earth, while other nations are stationary or retrograding. When the great ship-canal is completed we will carry our commerce and our civilization to the ends of the earth, and in only a few years we will astound all nations and peoples with our expansion policy and mighty works.

Clarksdale, Ohio. Eli Kirk.

It is the very spirit of the last lines of your letter that Doctor Higginson deprecates. It is [illegible] the principles of truest growth from within because it is right and healthful, but living in consideration of what others will think of us. It is substituting vanity for pride. Vanity thinks ever of semblance, pride of reality.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Apropos of your editorial, The Red Tape of Duty. Not long ago a sporting man was driving along a boulevard when he lost control of his horse. It was dashing down the road at a terrible pace, when right ahead he saw two women in a phaeton. The road was narrow and he knew he could not pass, so with a sudden jerk of the line he threw his runaway horse and was himself hurled from the carriage. When picked up it was found that his neck was broken. Was that "red tape"? or was it "duty plus love"? I would like to hear your opinion.

Boston, Massachusetts. George Gray.

[The possibility of answer was buried in the casket of the man with the broken neck. It is purely one of motive. We can conjecture, we can speculate, we can formulate possible motives, but it would be unjust, arrogant presumption to dare to pronounce final judgment.

It may have been duty. It may have been merely the instinctive, unthinking bravery of a moment of intense excitement (this point was fully elaborated in the editorial on Is There Reflex Action in Morals, in the Post, December 3). The man may not have intended to sacrifice his life; he may have tried to back his horse, or turn him to one side, and the animal proving unmanageable threw his driver. The man may have loved one of the occupants of the phaeton, and, in the marvelous rapidity of his mental action in a crisis, may have determined to die for her sake. He may have lost his presence of mind altogether, and in his dazed condition may have taken a most unwise course.

His act may be traced to any one of a dozen or more motives or mental causes. It would be easy to affirm dogmatically what the absolute final motive was, but doing so would imply assumption of omniscience, a complete knowledge of the infinity of thought flashing through the mind of the driver at the supreme moment.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In contradiction of the editorial, What Shall We Say of This Man? I believe that if a thief, a drunkard and a generally bad man be convicted and sentenced for a crime which his brother committed, knowing who the guilty person was, and knowing if he told what he knew about it he would be released and the guilty person would be convicted and sentenced, he would not be entitled to be [illegible] God. Is he fit to be received [illegible]

If a man by conducting himself in that way and sacrificing himself in like manner was entitled to everlasting life and a home in Heaven with Jesus, then the best thing we could do would be to go and take the place of all criminals in the prisons.

No one guilty of a crime would be punished, but he would have his freedom to murder and steal. Can any man prove by the Gospel according to Jesus Christ that such sacrifice as that would entitle one to a home in Heaven? I think not.

Square Top, Pa. Marcus J. Smith.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing the excellent article, Fashion's War Against the Birds.

However, it seems perfectly useless to appeal to woman's humanity when it affects her vanity, and I see but two ways to stop the wearing of dead birds as ornaments. Let Dame Fashion issue the edict that birds are no longer stylish, and there is no doubt what the result would be.

But to make assurance doubly sure [illegible] save the innocent people from the [illegible] feathered servants, laws should be made [illegible] *enforced*, making it punishable for any woman to be seen wearing a dead bird or any parts of birds, excepting ostrich plumes, as an adornment. Lida R. Thomas

Alexander, Arkansas.

[If any legislature dared to make such law it would seem a change from woman's inhumanity to birds to man's inhumanity to woman. The men would not have the courage to make the law, nor the temerity to attempt to enforce it. Fashion might possibly pronounce the edict, but fashion is voiced by woman, and by woman must the war be waged.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In the editorial, Changed Ways of Honoring Our Heroes, I was glad to see the first strong note struck against our [illegible] title as a nation. But it must be admitted that there is some cause for the present apathy in the fact that some of our heroes have tottered public esteem by disgraceful exhibitions of kissing and by disgraceful [illegible] cussions, aired in print, as to who is the greater hero, the man who ordered an attack or the man who carried it out.

When our heroes so far forget their own self-respect as to stoop to such things, why should they expect a nation's respect?

Wismer, Pennsylvania. E. B.

[There is nothing to prove that human nature was different at the beginning of the century from what it is now. Successful Generals, then as now, scrambled for the laurel wreaths. There was, it is true, at that time less of newspaper element in fomenting quarrels between Generals and in syndicating kisses among victors, through the agency of the vivid imaginations and the dead consciences of sensational papers.—The Editor]

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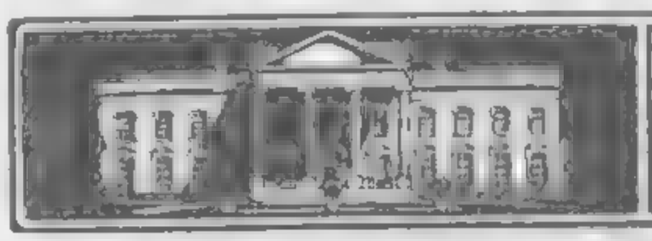

AT THE AMERICAN COURT

THE wife of the President is very approachable. Not long ago the daughter of a famous politician who is in town received a card inviting her to attend one of Mrs. McKinley's Saturday afternoon receptions. She went with fear and trembling, for, although she had been presented at Court, it made her rather nervous to think of coming face to face with the first lady of the land. Mrs. McKinley was unusually affable.

"Well," said a friend, when she came away, "what did you think of her?"

"Why," said this young woman smilingly, "I think,—she is as nice as Queen Victoria."

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Miss Cassini, niece of the Russian Ambassador, acquired an unusual accomplishment for a young woman when she lived with her uncle in the East. She speaks Chinese fluently, and aided Count Cassini in his translations at the time he was Ambassador from Russia to the Celestial Kingdom. Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister, says that she has a remarkable command of his language, and cautions her to keep in practice that she may not forget what must have cost her much industry and application to acquire.

A noted dinner giver was asked the other day why she never included Mr. Bailey, of Texas, former leader of his party in the House, who is known in certain circles as "Sunbeam Bailey, the Beautiful," among her guests.

"He is just too pretty for anything," she said, "but I cannot abide beauty in a frock coat," alluding to Mr. Bailey's habit of never wearing evening clothes,—a habit which nothing so far has induced him to alter.

Like von Mumm, former Secretary of the German Legation, the Turkish Minister is an adept photographer, and has made a large and full collection of Washington people and scenes. He leveled his camera at an Irishman whom he found working away in a picturesque quarter of town the other day. As soon as that worthy understood what had been done he fell down in a heap and began saying his prayers.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried to his patron saint, "I've been took by a Turk."

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Things English were never so popular at the Capital as they have been this winter, and the members of the Joint High Commission were wined and dined from the moment they reached town until they left it. Sir Wilfred Laurier is a pleasing man socially, and completely won the hearts of his entertainers.

He speaks English with a French accent very naturally, since he is of French descent and was educated by the monks in the language of his race. At the Gridiron dinner this winter, where he made a short postprandial speech, one of the Englishmen staying in town, also a guest at the dinner, who spoke with the broadest sort of an English accent, said:

"By jove, don't yer know, I dare say Laurier's speech is very fine, but I cawn't understand a word, don't yer know."

It was hardly as bad as that, still in speaking English rapidly Sir Wilfred is not always intelligible.

Prince Trebetzkoy,—who is the husband of Amélie Rives, by the way,—is much sought after socially, and there is every reason why he should be, for one rarely meets a more charming fellow. At a dinner not long since a bright society woman described him as having the figure of a grenadier, the carriage and address of a man of the world, and the heart of a child. It is a thumbnail portrait of the Prince, and could not be improved upon.

He stands six feet and over; he is an athlete in build and development; his manners have the elegance that characterize most high born foreigners; his point of view is that of a man of the world, but of one who is utterly unspoiled, who has retained his illusions, who is not *blasé*. He is sincere in his friendships, gallant, chivalrous, and widely liked. The Prince is an artist by profession, and has made some very creditable portraits of society people.

Speaking of pictures, Sargent's portrait of Daisy Leiter has made a veritable sensation. It is a beautiful thing; the pose is bewitching, full of airiness and grace, and quite puts in the shade Cabanel's portrait of Lady Curzon, exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1887, and Durand's portrait of Nannie Leiter.

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One of the most indefatigable of amphitryons at the Capital is Mr. von Holleben, the German Ambassador, whose purse is happily on a scale with his big hearted hospitality. Rumors that this diplomat will be replaced by the son of Germany's great Chancellor are not received with as much favor at the American Court as would be supposed. Mr. von Holleben, who has served for a long time in Washington, is widely liked, and it would grieve society individually and collectively to say adieu to this agreeable man, even to welcome one so distinguished as Prince Herbert Bismarck.

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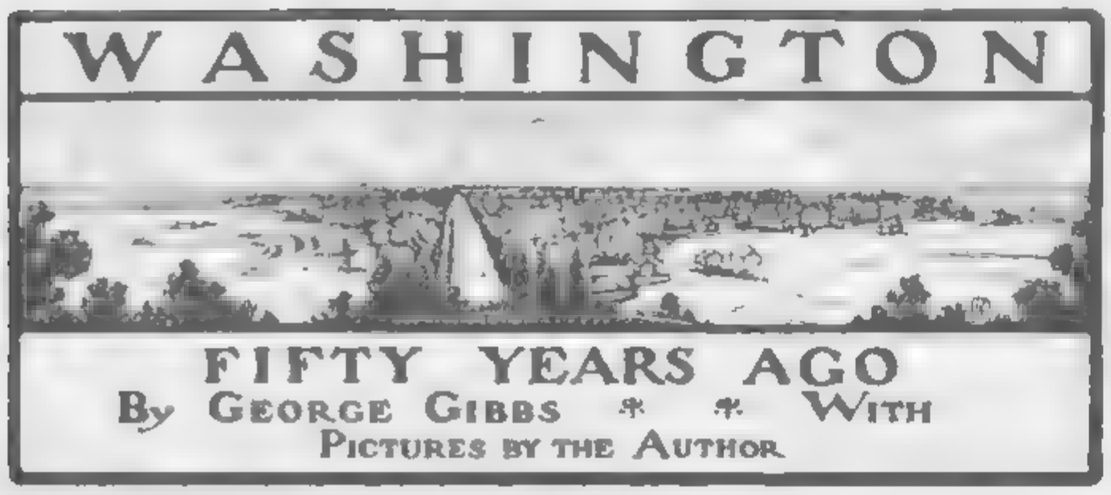

WASHINGTON

FIFTY YEARS AGO

By GEORGE GIBBS * * With Pictures by the Author

AFTER the Congress sitting at Philadelphia decided that the site of the national Capital should be located on the Potomac instead of on the Susquehanna or at Germantown, Pennsylvania, George Washington rode up from Mount Vernon to call on Davy Burns, the Scotchman who owned most of the land Burns lived in a cottage down on the banks of the Potomac near where the Van Ness house now stands. Every attempt to reason with him had hitherto proved unavailing, and he steadfastly held to his determination to keep his ground no matter what the Government did with the property of his neighbors. Washington knew him for what he was, and despaired of ever being able to obtain his property for the Government without a legal seizure

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At last the President said: "Mr. Burns the Government is going to have your land If the Capital had not been laid out here you would have died as you have lived, a poor tobacco planter'

"Ay, mon," retorted Burns, "an' eef ye hed no' married the widder Custis, wi' a her naguns, ye'd 'a been a land surveyor noo, an' a mighty poor one at that

But when the obstinate Scotchman was convinced that the Government must and would have his ground he was shrewd enough to hasten and make terms

Davy Burns became very rich and his daughter Marcia afterward was the queen of Washington society She married the courtly John P. Van Ness, of New York, and the house they built was one of the first of the great private establishments of the Capital city. It was the centre of a hospitality liberal to a fault and all the great Americans of the period were numbered among its guests. The entrance into the social life of the city at that day was not difficult for strangers who were properly introduced Wealth as we know it to-day,—too often the open sesame in cities which are half fledged, had no existence then. The man with a few bottles of good Burgundy and a lively, if conservative, spirit in those days was not a whit less popular than the million aire of to-day who gives a ten thousand dollar musicale, and thus incites other millionaire contemporaries to even further feats of magnificent prodigality. Then afternoon "tea" meant tea pure and simple, with honest cream and sugar It was untainted with rum and champagne; punch as a side dish was unknown. Life at that period was Utopian. And later, when Washington really became a resolent city, there were a few wealthy families, like the Taylors, Corcorans and Riggses, but a competence even in the thirties was the general condition of the citizens

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In the early fifties the public balls were very popular. The birthnight ball, on the twenty second of February, was an annual event of great importance. The Washington Assembly, for years the leading attraction of the winter, has never been surpassed for elegance and beauty, even in this age of lavish expenditure. The annual ball on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, January 8 was another festive feature of the winter, while the balls at the foreign Legations, with the entertainments given by the Van Nesses, Madisons, Decaturs and those who followed them, made up a round of gayety unique and unequaled in Philadelphia or Boston. Yet, though the dances and public balls were important features of the social season, the real lever of Washington life,—official, political, diplomatic and social,—was the dinner. All business seemed to begin with a dinner and end with one. Dinners were given on the slightest provocation, and oftentimes without any provocation at all. They were not the stiff and formal affairs of to-day. The seventeen course, eight-glass twelve fork affair was unknown. If a new and presentable Congressman with pretensions to [illegible] came to town, he was asked in [illegible] If he was a hungry man they fed him liberally, but with all of the things on three plates instead of on thirty

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The American people were beginning to be a little more epicurean in those days, but though they went to Paris and London on occasion, and knew the European fashions in eating as well as other things, they believed in being sufficient unto themselves. The darky mammies from across the Potomac whose mothers and fathers had cooked for the Washingtons, the Lees and the Fairfaxes, were good enough for them. Indeed, the cooking was good enough for anybody, and many of the foreigners soon came to the American way of thinking. Forest and thicket, river and bay had only to be hunted and fished for every delicacy that could be provided. The Virginia cooking of those days was not less of a fine art than it is to-day, only where to-day it is conducted on established formula, then it was more a matter of instinct

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There were exceptions, however. It was Baron Tuyl, the Russian Minister, a distinguished occupant of the Decatur house, and an epicure, who said that Washington, with its venison, wild turkeys, canvas back ducks, oysters and terrapin, furnished better stands than Paris, and needed only one thing,—cooks'

But Baron Tuyl was old and gouty, and had an aversion to things without precedent

The Decatur house, in which Baron Tuyl lived, shared with the Van Ness mansion the prestige of the earlier days. And yet no house afterward built could boast of so many distinguished tenants. Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren and Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, lived and entertained there, and for half a century the greatest men of Europe and America met under its wide roof Decatur himself, the hero of two wars, entertained lavishly, and his wife, brilliant and accomplished, was second only to Dolly Madison in tact and breeding. For a long time the Decatur house and the White House were the only residences which faced on Davy Burns' apple orchard,—now the famous Lafayette Square

Baron Tuyl, Hyde de Neuville and Lord Vaughn were well known and successful diplomats, but there came later,—in 1848 49, a most interesting figure among the attachés of the British Legation. Sir Henry Bulwer was the Minister, and his nephew, a tall, slender boy, the son of Elwood Lytton Bulwer was his secretary. He wrote verses then, but nobody saw in him the great literary genius that afterward shone forth in the works of Owen Meredith, or the diplomatic and social facility which later made him Viceroy of India and British Minister at Paris

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While from a social point of view the Washington of half a century ago was much to be desired as a place of residence, from the municipal point of view it was a failure

The comprehensive plans for the city which George Washington, with the assistance of Major L'Enfant and others, had prepared, had been hidden for fifty years in a dusty pigeonhole in the office of the Commissioner of Public Buildings. Theoretically, they were wonderful, almost beyond the understanding of the slothful Southerner. But their very magnificence was their death. The streets had been laid out on paper, and even then vast naked spaces marked the intersection of the streets and avenues, which gave to Washington the title it still bears, "The City of Magnificent Distances." But a "Boss" Shepherd was needed to bring paving out of mud, foliage out of stubble, order out of chaos. Where to-day there are miles of asphalt pavements, fifty years ago there were only bridle-paths. The fashionable northwest was an impenetrable forest and thicket, with here and there a watercourse, which went tumbling down into Rock Creek. The original plan contemplated the improvement of the eastern section, and the great Capitol building was thus built, facing the rising sun; but, in consequence of the high prices demanded for the lots to the east, the early settlers, following the Star of Empire, were compelled to purchase toward the westward The brothers John and Thomas Law, coming from England while the city was being laid out, made large investments in land in the eastern section,—now Capitol Hill, of which they were the real founders. Thomas Law had been private secretary to Warren Hastings in India, and it was said he came to this country to avoid giving testimony in Hastings' trial He married Miss Custis, grandniece of General Washington, and lived in a fine old house on the spot where now stands the Hotel Varnum

But though the city grew steadily, it grew slowly. There was no special local interest It was far enough below the place where the Mason and Dixon line was drawn to be influenced by the lethargy of the South rather than the movement and energy of the North and West. The working people sauntered then, as they do even now, about their daily tasks, and were content to live along from day to day,—Micawber-like,—so long as their employers were content to saunter on ahead

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There was a beautiful informality and uncertainty about the execution of the laws, and about the laws themselves, which did not foster stability. Even after the grant of the District the portions of the city on the two sides of the river remained amenable to the laws of the States of which they were formerly a part. Many common offenses in the District of Columbia were allowed to go entirely unpunished rather than violate public opinion by fulfilling the letter of the law! It was a tender hearted municipality

The local government was never out of debt from the first day of its existence to the

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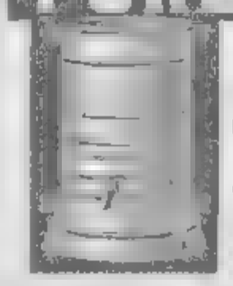

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last. According to some accounts it was a mean-spirited and parsimonious body, too, for it is said to have granted licenses to slave-traders for a paltry sum. Some work was done on the street plans of Washington and L'Enfant, but this was only because the local government couldn't get out of it. The salaries were always small, and long after the city was full-grown the salary of the Mayor continued at $500 per annum.

Congress was at last aroused by the unsightliness and filth of their surroundings, and in 1854 appointed a landscape gardener to put the White House grounds and the mall in order. Unfortunately, the man who was appointed died. They didn't find another man immediately, and it was twenty-five years before they named his successor!

•

Nowhere is the contrast greater than in the conduct of the hotels of Washington fifty years ago and those of to-day. Then they were provincial, even for Washington, and were kept most informally. The principal ones were the Indian Queen, kept by Jesse Brown, which is now the Metropolitan; Gadsby's, now the National; and Fuller's, now Willard's. In those days the landlords were bonifaces in all that the word implies. No be-buttoned hallboy was there to hale you grandly to your room; no clerk with grandiloquent flourish to assign you to your place in his scale of unimportance. Then the landlord, genial and good-natured, met his guests at the door and himself saw that they were comfortably provided for. When dinner-time came round he took the head of the table and himself carved the roast beef, duck and turkey for the hungry guests. At this time the guests left their boots (no one in those days wore shoes) in the corner of the office of the hotel, where from behind the stove a pile of generous and capacious carpet slippers looked invitingly out.

•

There were two theatres in Washington in 1848. One, called the Adelphi, had been evolved out of a large coachmaker's establishment on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Four-and-a-Half Street, and for some years it formed an attractive place of amusement, where the elder Booth and all the great actors of the day appeared before appreciative audiences. The other was the Olympic, the reincarnation of an old warehouse which had stood from time immemorial on Sixth Street, south of the Avenue. The National Theatre was burned in 1845, and was not rebuilt until 1852, when Jenny Lind appeared in the city. This year and the two or three succeeding ones may be regarded as the turning-point of the Washington of the old to the new régime.

There was but one railroad entering the city,—the B. & O.,—and it took two hours and a half to go from Baltimore over to Washington. There was no communication with the South save by boats, and Southern mails came in about once a week.

It took years to obliterate the old Washington and to take on the new, with its wealth, its glitter and its improvements. It has yielded reluctantly, and a flavor of the old city with its delightful memories hangs round it still. Not until war times did the great revolution in people's ideas take place. Then, with the great movements about her, the slumbering city awoke to her great responsibilities. When the reconciliation took place Washington was made, but yet nobody knew it. It was not until Governor Shepherd, with strong hand and unerring judgment, took up the reins of office that the city took on the semblance of what it was to be. It was not until later that the visions of Washington and Adams became beautiful facts and the people of the Capital had a city which they and the nation could be proud of.

• • •

GEORGE GIBBS

was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, March 8, 1870. He is a son of the late Medical Inspector, R. T. Gibbs, United States Navy, who died at Trieste, Austria, while serving as Fleet Surgeon of the European Squadron. Mr. Gibbs was educated at the Château de Lancy, near Geneva, Switzerland, and at the Naval Academy, where he was for three years as a midshipman. He resigned from the Navy in 1888, and began the study of art at the Corcoran School of Art and the Art Students' League at Washington. He studied for five years, writing meanwhile special articles from Washington for the New York Sun and Times. For the last five years he has been devoting most of his time to book and magazine illustration, a field in which his success has been marked. Mr. Gibbs is a powerful writer, and his work promises brilliant things for his future.

THE TWO BLIND CHAPLAINS

In the House and in the Senate

ONE Sunday morning in the early forties a slender boy of twenty-two stood erect in the saloon of one of the Ohio River steamboats. He was pale, but he looked fearlessly from right to left over the motley congregation.

There were planters on their way to Wheeling, river gamblers, round-faced merchants, horse-dealers, and several members of Congress going to their legislative duties at Washington. The young preacher had begun slowly, as though feeling his way,—and indeed he looked as if he were, for he held his head up and his eyes stared blankly,—he was almost blind. But as he went on he warmed up, and finally, looking straight into the faces of the Legislators, said boldly:

REV. WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN

"I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and, as such, you are, or should be, the representatives not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming aboard this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits.

"If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of swearers, card-players and drunkards. I must tell you that, as an American citizen, I feel disgraced by your behavior; as a preacher of the Gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

•

There was a flutter among the congregation as the people rose. A few of the men sneered, and a coarse laugh broke from a group standing forward. One of the Congressmen stood up, and, putting his arms akimbo, stared in an evil way at the blind boy. Swearing, card-playing and drinking were the rule rather than the exception on river steamboats in those days, and they looked at him as at some curious creature of another age and condition.

But the speech had its effect. The young preacher bowed his head in the benediction, and then lifting it again walked quietly by them and into his stateroom.

When the boat reached Wheeling he remained there to preach, but he had said that he would go to the Capital as a candidate for the chaplaincy of the Twenty-ninth Congress. To-day he is over seventy-five years of age, and all his senses, save that of sight, remain unimpaired. His knowledge of current events is as remarkable as his memory. Every day, before going to the Capitol, his niece or some relative reads him the morning paper. From this, perhaps, he chooses the text for his prayer of the day. His prayers are always timely.

Not many years ago, when there were unpleasant revelations regarding the nightly doings of certain members, Chaplain Milburn chose a text which bore directly on them.

•

The consternation at his fearlessness was almost as great as it was on that Cincinnati steamer. Members of Congress want all of their public performances duly exploited, but they prefer that their private affairs be not entered in the Record.

One of them, not long afterward, went to Speaker Reed and asked him in confidence what he thought of the Blind Chaplain.

"Wa—al," said the Speaker in his drawling, down-East way, "the Blind Chaplain may not suit everybody all the time, but he tells the Lord all the news."

As a young man Doctor Milburn was appointed to the Winchester Circuit, consisting of some thirty preaching places, some of them chapels, more of them log school shanties, most of them private houses.

The discipline of the Wesleyan Church was rather rough when compared with the standards of to-day, and the method of imparting the art of extempore preaching was somewhat analogous to that of teaching a dog to swim. The neophite was "thrown in" head first, as it were.

"William! Exhort!" said the presiding officer one night to young Milburn. And William stood up in fear and trembling for the first time in his life before a crowd of hunters and rough backwoodsmen, who eyed him curiously. But the vigorous teaching of those early days served him in good stead when, a few years later, he made his first stand in the greater world.

• • •

Five or six years ago the relations between England and the United States were strained over the Venezuelan affair, and it seemed as if only a spark were needed to ignite the flames of war. But the country was slow to understand the humiliation of the diplomatic defeat that England was preparing for us, and Congress was pretending not to see how far England was going in her aggressions.

One morning Doctor Couden entered the Chamber just on the stroke of the clock and was taken to his station below the desk of the Speaker. He was nervous, for he had not been long in the House, and he was not quite certain of his ground. But he began with apparent confidence, and, speaking distinctly, prayed long and earnestly for peace between the two nations.

He prayed for God's blessing upon the Congress and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Then, as he neared the end of the prayer, he raised his voice so that it could be heard in every corner of the vast hall.

"Heavenly Father," he said, "let peace reign throughout our borders, yet may we be quick to resent an insult to this our nation!"

•

To-day Doctor Couden's home life is as full of quiet and sweetness as his younger days were of hardship and vicissitude. His reading is done by Mrs. Couden, who keeps him in touch with the doings of the world, and reads aloud the books which he uses in preparing his sermons and other writings. She is his lost sense regained.

REV. HENRY N. COUDEN

At the outbreak of the Civil War Doctor Couden was a boy of seventeen, overflowing with life and spirits, and ardent in his patriotism. So, when President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men for three months, young Couden was among the first to present himself for enlistment.

Before the three months had expired he had enlisted again in the Sixth Ohio Infantry for a period of three years. He fought in the battles of Laurel Hill and in the skirmishes at Carrick's Ford and Green Brier. He was in the battle of Shiloh and Perrysville. But it was after his transfer to the Mississippi Marine Brigade that the engagement in which he was wounded took place. It was there that the light failed him forever.

Young Couden became blind immediately, and he says that he felt then that he would never see again. When the doctor came to examine him the young sufferer heard that his case was hopeless.

"Will I see, Doctor?" he asked anxiously.

The doctor smiled sadly; "If you're a good boy, you'll see,—after you die!" he answered.

When young Couden went back to his home in Cincinnati he began the manufacture of brooms, and afterward the selling of confectionery. But he soon determined to study for the ministry. This he did in a seven-year course at the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio.

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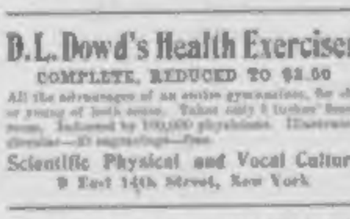

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Schurman's Rise to Fame

The life story of Jacob Gould Schurman, whom the President has chosen as head of the Philippine Commission, might have been written as an incentive to boys, so fully have the sacrifices and endeavors of his youth been rewarded. The son of a poor farmer in that cheerless country, Prince Edward Island, he literally made his own way in the world, and was only twenty-eight years old when, in 1892, he succeeded Professor Charles Kendall Adams as President of Cornell University.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

Schurman was first awakened to the possibilities that lay before him by reading the life of Lincoln. His first library was the Bible, Fox's Book of Martyrs and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; the first money he earned, ten cents, paid him by one of the neighbors for helping with the threshing; his first regular occupation, clerking in a village shop for the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a year; but he was a boy with an imagination, and while weighing out flour and measuring off ribbon his eyes were fixed upon the stars, and they have never been lowered.

Doctor Schurman has attained great success and has enjoyed many triumphs, but the greatest day in his life was that on which he learned he had won the scholarship in the University of London or Edinburgh, open to all the colleges of the Dominion, and entitling its holder to $500 a year for four years at either of those great institutions.

After taking the examination in June, young Schurman went to Prince Edward Island for the summer, and, hearing nothing from his papers, imagined he had failed. He returned to Acadia College, therefore, to finish his course; but on the way met a number of people who overpowered him with congratulations. He had won the scholarship. The Governor-General sent his congratulations, his old professors and friends complimented him, and this success opened a new vista for the ambitious young man.

•

Julian Ralph as a Reporter

Julian Ralph, who is in India writing up Lady Curzon's brilliant social career, was for many years called the best reporter in New York. Most of the time he was on the Sun, to which paper he came at the express invitation of Charles A. Dana. To Ralph, more than any other American, belongs the credit of introducing Kipling to an American audience. In a clever weekly called Chatter, which he published eight or nine years ago, he devoted ten pages to reproductions from the works of Kipling, the then almost unknown writer. In spite of this fact, however, Chatter died soon afterward from lack of support.

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Dingley's Successor

Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, New York, the successor of the late Nelson Dingley as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means in the National House of Representatives, and parliamentary leader of the majority, might well be regarded as the natural heir of his predecessor.

He is an experienced lawyer, an able parliamentarian, a born fighter for principle, an expert on tariff legislation, and one of the most industrious members of Congress since he entered it, fifteen years ago.

Prior to his appointment to the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means he was Chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

•

Mrs. Hearst's Wise Use of Her Fortune

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, widow of the late Senator Hearst, of California, who made his enormous fortune, as so many of his contemporaries did, in mining, lives in a palace at the Capital, filled with rare art treasures and bric-à-brac, where she holds a miniature Court, and dispenses a Royal hospitality. She is a woman who, while she cares little for the distractions of fashionable society, contributes her share to the pleasures of the gay world, and her house is one of the most popular in Washington.

Mrs. Hearst knows the value of money, believes that she is an agent chosen to distribute an immense fortune for the benefit of others, and goes about doing so in a sensible and practical way, aided by clerks and secretaries. Whenever an application is made to her for assistance it is not refused until an investigation of the case is made, and never refused if the applicant is worthy.

Mrs. Hearst has, in various ways, done much for Washington. Not the least good she has accomplished is the establishment of the Hearst Kindergartens.

Mrs. Hearst's latest project is the building of a wharf at Mount Vernon, of which she is one of the regents. It is a magnificent structure, covered from one end to the other, and built entirely of beautiful California wood,—a fitting landing-place for this historic place and admirably suited to its character.

Her deep interest in science prompts her to be open-handed in aiding investigators. Professor Elmer Gates, who has established himself in the suburbs of Washington, and who is investigating on psycho-physical lines, owes much to her generosity, and many other scientists have been equally fortunate in eliciting her aid.

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Dewey a Butterfly Chaser

Our new Admiral, George Dewey, has a hobby almost as strong as his conception of naval discipline and public duty.

He is not, as he has been represented, a philatelist, but he is one of the most enthusiastic lepidopterists alive. During his long years of naval travel he has secured many thousands of magnificent specimens of the butterfly, and to-day he has the finest private collection in America. This collection is insured for about $8000, which is only a fraction of its real value.

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When Elkins First Met Schofield

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, is big-hearted, big-brained, kind, responsive, built on large lines, has bright ideas, is optimistic, and altogether a very pleasant person to live with. It is said of him that he carries West Virginia in his pocket. He is certainly immensely popular with his constituency.

Elkins made an able Secretary of War in Mr. Harrison's Cabinet, and was especially liked by the officers of the Regular Army. He was conscious of the fact that a civilian can learn of Army officers concerning military affairs, and when he was chief of the War Department availed himself of the knowledge of his subordinates. As soon as Elkins was made Secretary he sent for General Schofield, then Commander of the Army.

SERENO E. PAYNE

"I have met you before, General," said the Secretary, but the General did not seem to recall any previous meeting.

That previous meeting was a curious one. It took place out in Missouri, in 1862. Elkins was a private and in a volunteer company; ragged, without shoes, and minus the uniform and bright brass buttons which add so much to the attractiveness of our country's defenders. Schofield was Major-General at the time, and came in full uniform to inspect the camp to which Elkins belonged. Elkins was only seventeen, and, having a curiosity to see what a real live Major-General looked like, clambered upon the shoulders of one of his comrades and peeped in through the window of a near-by house where General Schofield was holding a reception for the officers.

The sight of General Schofield, tall, broad and handsome in full regimentals, was enough to inspire one used to such magnificence with admiration; this ragged, barefoot boy not only admired but was filled with awe for his commander, a feeling, he laughingly told General Schofield, he had never quite recovered from. It was amusing, therefore, that they should meet after all those years, and that the ragged boy should have become the superior of the Major-General.

•

Senator Foster, the Man Who Laughs

The State of Washington will send to the next United States Senate, Addison G. Foster, who is not only a popular politician and experienced man of affairs, but is widely known as "The man who laughs."

His personal appearance fully bears out his jovial character. He is short, solid, always vigorous, never known to be unhappy or put out, and weighs an honest 200.

The Senator-elect has many friends in St. Paul, where he formerly lived, and it is there said that whenever he leaves home for Minnesota his laughter can be heard from the moment he crosses his State line. "It is a detonation of delight, a volley of jollity, a broadside of tickledness."

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Langley's Devotion to His Mother

Professor Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has many sides to his character. His love for children is well known, and he is frequently seen walking or driving with one of his little companions, who seem to rest him more than any other society. He has recently dedicated a room at the National Museum to his wee favorites, and shows his sympathy and affection for them constantly and in many ways.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS

This eminent scientist's love and tenderness for his mother, an old lady now, whose chief pride is in her son, is equally characteristic. An article attacking one of his theories appeared sometime ago in a New England daily. Professor Langley carried it in great distress of mind to a friend to see if the many misstatements it contained could not be corrected.

"I do not care for it myself," he said earnestly "but I am much worried for fear it may trouble my mother."

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MINIATURE PORTRAITS

Nicknaming the Vicereine.—In London, they say, Lady Curzon is now called the "Leiter of Asia," as a delicate compliment to her family and to Sir Edwin Arnold.

Phonographs as Royal Messengers.—Queen Victoria recently sent a message to King Menelik, of Abyssinia, on the cylinder of a phonograph. The novelty of the proceeding so pleased the Negus that he ordered a salute fired by his artillery in honor of the occasion.

Philip's Effective Prayers.—Not long ago New York friends presented Rear-Admiral Philip with a handsome sword. When "Fighting Bob" Evans heard of it he said: "Philip deserves it, not only because he is such a good chap generally, but because he prayed so loud with his twelve-inch guns off Santiago, July 3, 1898."

Zangwill Answers Choate.—During the February blizzard Ambassador Choate and Israel Zangwill found themselves snowbound between Boston and New York. If we may believe all accounts, the exchange of epigrams and repartee was something sparkling. Here is one of them:

"Could an apple tempt you?" said Mr. Choate, sampling the lunch counter at one of the way stations.

"I wouldn't be human if it couldn't," replied Mr. Zangwill, with a smile.

Chums in the Senate.—Speaking of the coincidence of two college classmates representing Vermont in the United States Senate at the same time, the Chicago Tribune recalls the fact that Hitchcock and Ingalls, who served in the Senate together, were not only members of the same class at Williams, but had been roommates. There are two Senators who were born within a farm or two of each other,—Beveridge and Foraker.

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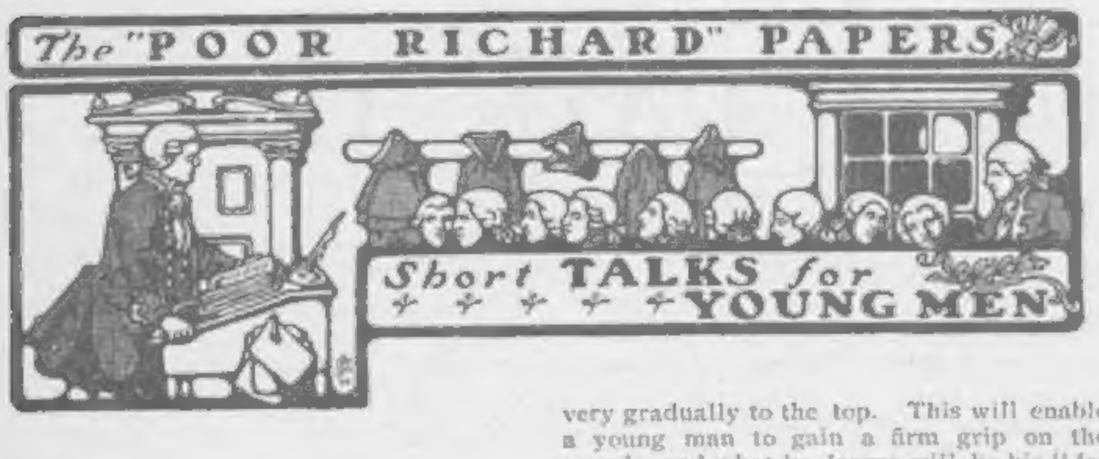

Beginning a Business Career

By PERRITON MAXWELL

NO PROBLEM confronting a young man on the threshold of a business career is of such vital importance as his choice of the kind and class of trade toward the mastery of which he is prepared to direct his mental and physical energies.

Upon his decision in this matter rests, to a greater extent than is commonly credited, his future failure or success in the world commercial. In the very act of deciding his special bent he will have shown his character (or his lack of it), and a wise decision will prove him a person of sound judgment and self-reliance; and these are primal qualifications in the business life.

•

Every young man who has not been especially trained for a profession has a latent talent for some particular branch of trade, and it is for the possessors of this talent to discover its character and quality, and then apply it where it will do the greatest good to himself and others.

The shores of traffic are strewn with the wrecks of those who have tried to make the round peg of their qualifications fit the square hole of their occupation. There is neither fun nor money in following a business that is distasteful. The salt-water fish in a fresh-water pond is not a happy or a long-lived creature, and commands but little respect from his fellow-fishes. Just so is the position of the man who has mistaken the purpose for which Mother Nature has set him down in this bustling world.

•

Having decided upon the business he is to compass, it behooves the sagacious young man to cultivate modesty. In other words, he must be content at the outset to accept a small salary and fill an unimportant place in the great enterprise upon which he is embarked.

It is not easy to hold ambition in check, for ambition belongs to youth, and is a reckless steed which, given free rein, will throw its rider at the first ditch. Though the initial position which a young man is given to fill may seem to him altogether undignified and unworthy one of his calibre, he should not take the matter to heart; it is the way of all things. A man is unrecognized until he proves himself, no matter what his work.

First must come the bud and then the flower; the acorn precedes the oak, the alphabet the written book, and nothing that is worth while springs into existence without a prior stage of comparative insignificance. The commercial history of the world is filled with the names of business kings who started literally barefoot in the race for the wealth and position they hold to-day. Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Roswell P. Flower, Russell Sage, John Wanamaker, D. O. Mills,—hundreds of other men famed in finance and in trade,—began their careers in places that were humble almost to degradation. These men knew that time as a factor in their development was something to be utilized, not ignored.

In the testimony of men who have "arrived," there is but one guarantee against failure, and that is work,—hard work,—and again, work. The world is still doling out set-backs to the over-zealous, and administering hard knocks to the worthy and unworthy alike. Only the worker survives and is happy.

Fame and fortune in any pursuit is given grudgingly to the newcomer. The youth who wins his way even to moderate success must be callous to misfortune, and learn to fight for himself single-handed and alone.

•

One thing is to be remembered, and it is not so pleasant as true,—the business world will permit no trifling on our part, no carelessness in the way we manage the affairs with which we are entrusted. Friends may condone our blunders and excuse our shortcomings, but the big, cold world will make us suffer for them.

Our lesson of life must be learned from the book of hardships in the school of experience, and there are few favorites and no exempts in the great primary class. We cannot look to our friends for much help, and it were better in the end for us to refuse all friendly aid. One must be strong to stand alone, but he will like himself the better for it some day.

Unpleasant experiences may be avoided by starting low down on the ladder and climbing very gradually to the top. This will enable a young man to gain a firm grip on the rounds, and what he learns will be his "for keeps."

If you want to be a banker, take a clerkship and learn the alphabet of that business; if your inclination points to the manufacturing business, begin as low as your pride and pocket will permit, and don't let a detail escape you. A publisher should begin as a printer's apprentice; an editor as a reporter; a dry-goods merchant as a clerk; a railroad president as an office-boy; and so on.

Even if your father is a multi-millionaire, or your mother supplies you with unlimited pocket-money, you will make no mistake in starting at the very bottom of a business. That man is master of his trade who can perform as much work or more than any one of his employees.

If it were possible to name the qualities which contribute most largely to the success of every business man they would surely be a quick mind, attention to details, promptness, absolute honesty, and that never-say-die spirit which holds to a task until it is finished. Endowed with these qualities and good health, no young man worthy the name of an American can fail utterly. The extent and brilliancy of every man's success is of course regulated by his personal strength of character, his mentality and his industry.

•

A comprehensive guide-book to success has not yet been compiled, and that is one printed lie we have all been spared. People who know men and conditions as they really are rebel against the smug complacency of advice peddlers; every young man with warm blood in his veins must refuse to be fed on the diluted pap of "don't do this," and "always do that."

However, a few little hints from the life-leaves of great business men, taken for what they are worth, may not be without some helpfulness to the commercial tyro. The cream of these hints from a hundred sources seems to be that it is best to be honest, best to keep cheerfully busy, best to be economical, and to eschew even the milder vices.

Doing one thing well, working not more than ten hours a day, taking advantage of present opportunities, paying attention to manners, morals and health,—these are the requisites for business success upon which all who should know base their own achievements and pin their faith in the rising generation of commerce conquerors.

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Poor Richard's Post-Box

Dear Poor Richard:
The article on The Value of Adaptability I read with a great deal of interest and profit. But is adaptability a quality which may be acquired? If so, will you not kindly let me know the royal road to its attainment?
Biddeford, Maine. YOUNG MAN.

[Adaptability can be acquired by studying men and their characteristics, by seeking to harmonize one's self with a present position however difficult, while at the same time seeking to better it. Adaptability means reducing friction and waste energy to a minimum. It means the shortest line between desire and attainment in any condition.

Think less about yourself, more of others. Morbid introspection kills adaptability. So does worry or rebellion. True adaptability raises those around us to their maximum and then harmonizes with them; false adaptability harmonizes with men on their weaker side. The latter phase makes man develop into the time-server, hypocrite, liar, schemer and fawning sycophant. One adaptability develops individuality, the other throttles it.]

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Dear Poor Richard:
The article by Doctor Meyer on Exaggeration was excellent. While I agree substantially with all he says, it seems to me that exaggeration is not always a sin. There are times, I think, when a "white lie,"—a form of exaggeration,—must be used. There is often but two alternatives,—brutal frankness and truth or a softened "white lie." Does the writer mean to say that the "white lie" is not the preferable choice?
New York City. OCCASIONAL LIAR.

[Surrender to "white" lies means training for "black" ones. There is no necessity for white lies if man has the heroism and singleness of purpose to stand by the truth. Brutal frankness is not the necessary alternative; there can be and should be truth sweetened and strengthened by sympathy, courtesy, gentleness and grace.

Do not say the white lie is a necessary evil; there are no necessary *evils*,—they are always unnecessary. The world needs to be thrilled with the realization that life should be filled with necessary *goods*. White lies sap character. Don't deal in them.]

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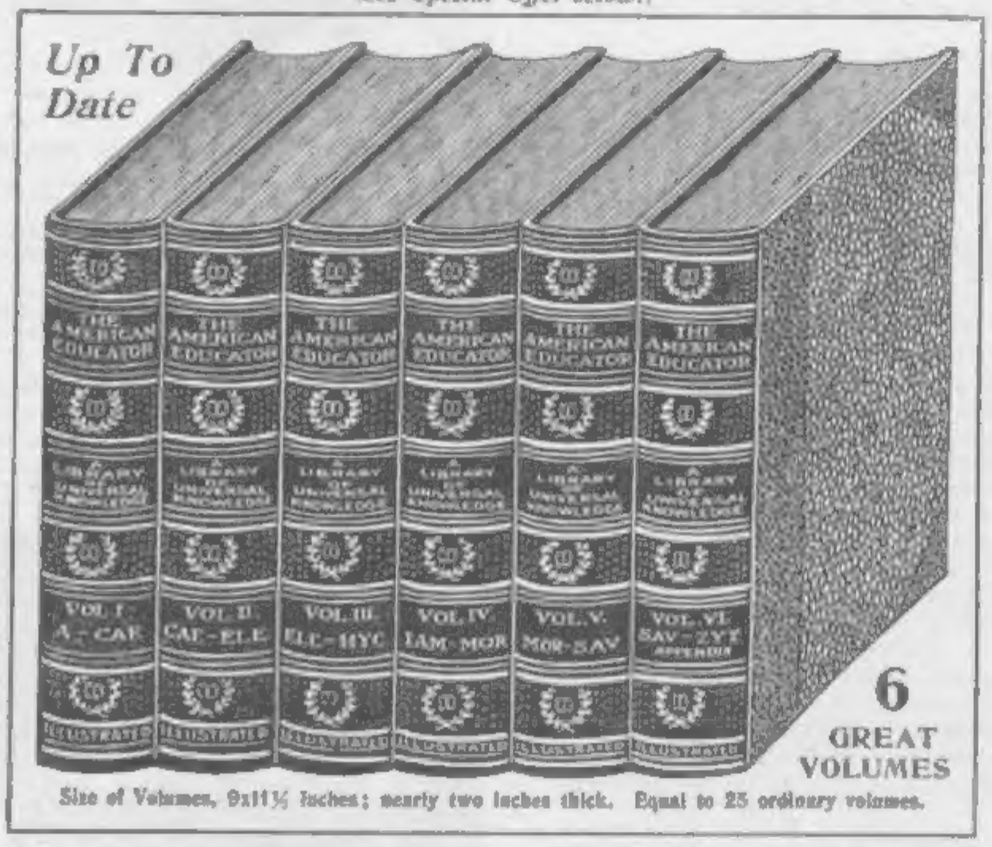

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